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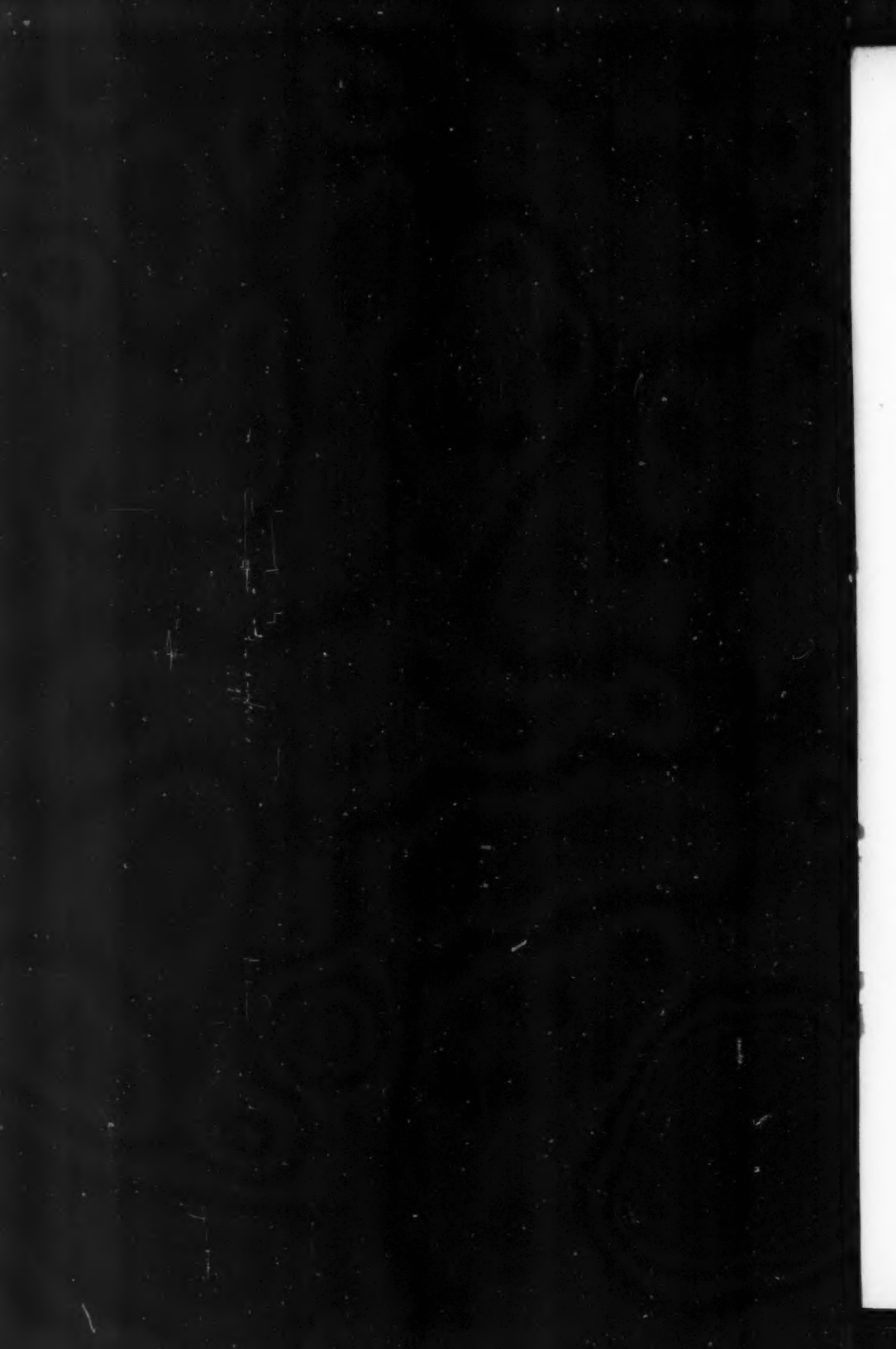
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VOICES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

I felt the breath of the expiring year
 Pass in the moaning breeze, and to my
 sight
 Glistened each star as 'twere a frozen
 tear
 Upon the mute and lonesome face of
 Night.
 Time, in our breasts, that slumbers not
 nor sleeps.
 Marks the faint murmur of Eternity,
 As ever round with rhythmic impulse
 sweeps
 Some little eddy of the Life to be.

We look, and lo! afar doth stretch the
 deep
 With ebb and flow amid the storm and
 calm,
 Raising its thunderous praises to heaven's
 steep,
 Or chanting to the shore a lowly psalm;
 While in the ears that hear, from little
 hearts
 That shrink and swell as with imprisoned
 love,
 Steal o'er the silence of their inmost parts,
 The nearer echoes of a Voice above.

THOMAS HARKNESS.

Chambers' Journal.

TO A STREET SYCAMORE.

Here in the narrow street you stand,
 Built round about on every hand;
 Only your topmost boughs can spy
 The blue waves breaking on the land.

Yet all the changes of the year
 Above you in the skies appear—
 The daily marvel of the dawn,
 Storm-cloud and star-light shining clear.

Yours are the sunset and the dew,
 And many a wandering wind that blew
 By wood and mountain over-sea,
 Whispers his secrets sweet to you.

To you with each returning Spring
 The crows their clumsy courtship bring,
 And the blithe starlings come and go
 Among your boughs on restless wing.

In the grey, narrow street you bear
 Glad Summer's banner, green and fair;
 The music of the woods and hills
 Dreams all about you down the air.

And you, green hermit of the street,
 Make all our daily duty sweet,
 Preaching Life's beauty and her joy
 To us who sit about your feet.

Chambers' Journal.

D. J. R.

A VIGNETTE.

The swallow's curve shakes the ambrosial
 air,
 While tints of sunset fall upon the sea;
 And, subtly mixed by wizard Memory,
 Thoughts of rich Yesterdays are thrilling
 there:

Salt-scented rocks raise dreaming heads
 and bare,
 Now from their blue abounding burden
 free
 Save where the gem-like pools of
 water be,—
 Set soft in plush of gold and colors rare.

The land is as the sea, asleep in peace;
 The charmed air twinkles o'er still-
 standing wheat;
 It is as though the calm could never
 cease,
 Nor winter menace such victorious
 heat:
 Sudden a lark makes music at heaven's
 door,
 And sings as if no bird had sung before!
 Spectator.

JOHN HOBGEN.

A MEDITATION ON SOME DRIED FLOWERS

Once you were very sweet:
 And still your scentless breath doth fill
 the air
 With phantoms of a perfume fine and rare—
 That you can counterfeit.
 Once you were very fair:
 And the transparency of your decay
 Is more to me than any color gay
 That fresher flowers wear.
 Beauties long passed away
 May yet such lovely memories engage,
 That they triumphant rivalries will wage
 With fair ones of to-day,
 Or of the unturned page
 Where Youth's ideals in their pomp
 enthroned.
 For Love doth lend a glamour all his own
 To the deep dreams of Age.

Speaker.

HELEN CHISHOLM.

From The London Quarterly Review.
LESSONS FROM THE MONUMENTS.¹

George Canning electrified the House of Commons into silence, followed by a tempest of cheers, when he uttered his famous phrase concerning the South American Colonies, "We are calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old!" The last half century has seen a new world called into existence to "redress the balance" in Biblical study, to correct some of the mistakes and counteract some of the erroneous tendencies of the present generation in their handling and interpretation of the Bible. But, strangely enough, this new world is the oldest of all. We who live in the broad noon-day of history are being confronted with the strangely fascinating picture of its early twilight, the dawn of civilization, of organized religious and social life, among the peoples of the far East. It has been reserved for the latter years of the nineteenth century after Christ to discover facts concerning what took place more than twice nineteen centuries before Christ, and to know more concerning the life of the Early World than any generation for more than two thousand years. This resuscitation of a past so long dead and buried, is a kind of historical miracle. It is, however, much more than a mere story of wonder. Its bearings upon contemporary thought are many and various, and amongst the most important are those which affect the study of the Old Testament. Many influences in our day have contributed to revivify, almost to revolutionize this study, and among them a very high place must be given to the researches of Oriental archaeology. To give a slight idea of the scope and significance of these researches, which are probably still

only in their infancy, is the object of the present article.

It is needless to recall the brief but interesting history of the past. We may, however, remind our readers that the discovery of the Rosetta stone, which gave the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, dates only from the beginning of the present century. The work of Young and Champollion, of Lepsius and Birch, is comparatively recent. It is less than sixty years ago since Sir Henry, then Major, Rawlinson deciphered the trilingual inscription on the monument of Darius at Behistun. Layard's excavations at Kouyunjik are barely fifty years old. The system of cuneiform decipherment cannot be said to have been securely established upon a sound foundation for much more than thirty years. The Palestine Exploration Fund, to which so much valuable and abiding work is due, was only opened in 1865, the scientific survey of the Sinaitic Peninsula was made but twenty years ago, and the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund is as of yesterday. It is too little to say that the researches of archaeologists are still going on, they are only beginning. The British Museum contains a mass of material for the study of cuneiform, in the shape of slabs, stelæ, inscribed bricks, cylinders, and tablets from Mesopotamia, some of them at least as old as B.C. 3800, but this is only a fraction of the material likely, ere long, to be available. Dr. Flinders Petrie has during the last few years provided a recurring sensation for the newspapers at the end of every few months, by the unearthing of fresh "documents" from Egypt, rivalling one another in interest and importance. The stories of the Fayûm MSS., of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, of the excavations at Tel Hes, the ancient Lachish, are fresh in the recollection of our readers. Even as we write, the first translation into English of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," is announced as appearing. The volumes placed at the head of this article are only a specimen of one part of the literature of our subject. They represent the books of a popular, rather

¹ 1. The Bible and the Monuments. By W. St. Chad Boscawen, F.R.H.S. Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1895.

2. The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments. By Rev. A. H. Sayce, S.P.C.K. 1894.

3. History, Prophecy, and the Monuments. By J. F. M'Curdy, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Oriental Languages, Toronto. Vol. 1. Macmillan & Co. 1894.

than a scholarly, sort published for the general English reader, in the course of less than twelve months. It cannot be said that such a subject is deficient in living interest.

A very brief description of the three books in question will suffice to indicate their scope and illustrate the importance of our subject. Mr. St. Chad Boscawen's volume dates only from July last. His name is familiar as an Assyriologist of ability and eminence. His object is to place before ordinary English readers documentary evidence hitherto accessible only to specialists, enabling them to understand what light is shed by these long-buried monuments and records upon the history of the Hebrew people as recorded in the Old Testament. The evidence is presented in the most unbiased form. Mr. Boscawen does not write either as critic or as apologist. He gives facts, as only an expert can give them, at first-hand. He brings his readers as nearly face to face with the documents as is possible, by printing some twenty full-page photographs taken directly from the originals. The "Creation Tablet," copied about B.C. 660, portions of the "Deluge Tablet," discovered by George Smith in 1872, tablets from Tel el-Amarna, dating 1450 years before Christ, and a mace-head of Sargon I., of the date B.C. 3800, here literally appear before the reader's eyes. Complete translations of some of the chief inscriptions are given, and tables making a comparison of them with Biblical narratives easy, are appended. The general aim of the book is to substantiate the historical accuracy of the Hebrew records, and to show how these are affected by the discovery of Babylonian versions more or less similar to them, and by the story of the beginnings of civilization now being revealed to us in so wonderful a manner.

Professor Sayce is more directly polemical in object and style. His book has been freely discussed in the press, and its character is pretty well known. He poses before the world as an assailant of "the higher criticism," while he is himself nothing, if not

critical. He admits a very large proportion of the results of recent Biblical criticism, and in his views of the books of Esther and Daniel, for example, is well-nigh as advanced as any of those at whom he sometimes, somewhat inconsistently, sneers. If it were not out of the question to suppose that scholars could be influenced by personal considerations, one would be inclined to think that Professor Cheyne's contemptuous references to Professor Sayce as "a mere outsider," and Professor Sayce's scorn for the "verbal hair-splitting" of the "mere literary analyst," had in them some traces of the *sprete injuria formæ*, and were not the outcome of pure and unadulterated search after truth. We can afford, however, to leave these amenities of controversy altogether on one side, and point out that in Professor Sayce's volume is to be found a full and, in the main, satisfactory account of recent discoveries in their bearing upon the writings of the Old Testament, beginning with Genesis and coming down to Daniel. His work is longer and more argumentative than Mr. Boscawen's, and for this reason will be preferred by some and less highly esteemed by others.

The title of Dr. McCurdy's book hardly gives an idea of its contents. Its aim is "to tell as simply as possible the story of the ancient Semitic peoples, including as the dominating theme the fortunes of Israel." Only one volume has as yet appeared, bringing the history to the downfall of Samaria. The words of the title, "History, Prophecy, and Monuments," indicate rather the material which the writer employs for his purpose than the character of the work itself. Its connection with our subject lies in the fact that, up to the present time, it was well-nigh impossible to write such a history as this of the peoples of western Asia, one chief result of recent discoveries being to enable us to place the history of Israel in something like its proper setting in relation to the peoples around—Assyrians, Egyptians, Babylonians, Hittites, Aramæans, and the rest. On this subject we shall have more to say

shortly; at present it is enough to observe that Professor M'Curdy's is the most successful attempt with which we are acquainted thus to bring Israelitish history as it were into focus, in its relation to the contemporary history of the East. That the attempt is completely satisfactory, no one would be disposed to contend. The materials are too recent to be handled with confidence and finality. A pioneer does not make a macadamized road. But the book deserves the careful perusal of every serious student of the Old Testament, and those who are best able to mark its flaws and deficiencies will probably be among the first to recognize its eminent merits as an essay and experiment. Dr. M'Curdy shows how a work ought to be done which probably will not be adequately done for ten or twenty years to come. Indeed, he would be a bold man who would undertake to prophesy what will be the condition of the subject in twenty years' time. If the next two decades prove as fruitful as the last, a considerable portion of such a history would have to be re-written.

It is quite possible, however, to gather up into the compass of a few pages some of the chief results already obtained and to indicate some of the chief lessons taught by the recent history of Oriental archaeology as to the right way of reading and understanding the sacred records of the Bible. Polemics should, we think, be put on one side in this investigation. Certain "higher critics" may or may not come in for condemnation when these voices, silent for six thousand years, are made to speak again. Certain "apologists" may or may not have the ground which they thought so firm cut away from under their feet by testimony strangely gathered from buried cities, old-world inscriptions, and clay tablets and cylinders. It will be well, however, to forget such gentry of yesterday when we stand in presence of these hoary witnesses. The shallow pride of the archaeologist is as much out of place here as the "cock-sureness" of the critic. The monuments and ancient records thus placed

by Providence in the witness box must be permitted to say their say, telling the truth and nothing but the truth. The whole truth they cannot tell, because they do not know it. But their testimony will help to correct certain mistakes and erroneous tendencies always incident to the workings of the human mind, and at present rife and active amongst us.

The first gain to Biblical study afforded by these archaeological discoveries is that they give us objective facts to take the place of subjective speculations. An ounce of fact is worth a ton of theories. But facts of contemporary history to illustrate and elucidate the Old Testament, especially its earliest portions, have been sadly wanting, and even now are all too scanty. As literature, the Old Testament has stood almost alone, and when once the authority of tradition concerning its authorship, character, and scope was relaxed, critics were left at liberty to speculate concerning it, almost unchecked by the wholesome corrective of external facts to moderate their theorizing. For example, it was not unnatural for scholars to assume that no literature worthy of the name existed a thousand years before Christ. In the history of Greece and Rome the rise of literature is many centuries later. Monumental inscriptions, it was argued, doubtless existed in those early days, but the very shape of the letters of the Phœnician alphabet shows that they were intended to be carved on stone, not written on papyrus with a reed-pen. It was not contended that writing was unknown, but that literature, in the sense of free and extensive composition, whether of laws or history or poetry, recorded and stored up and handed down to posterity, was at that early date simply an anachronism. Such a conclusion, however natural, proves to be quite unfounded. The rounded letters of the Hebrew alphabet have been traced up to an early period in the age of the kings of Judah. In Egypt reading and writing were familiar as the ordinary acts of every-day life. And now the discovery of the cuneiform tablets of Tel el-

Amarna has disclosed to us a whole official correspondence between Babylonish kings and Egyptian governors which sheds a flood of light upon the life and habits of a period so remote as 1450 B.C. The use of the Babylonian cuneiform characters in Egypt is surprising, and the significance of the whole correspondence had better be stated in Professor Sayce's own words:—

The fact is alike novel and startling. It proves that in the century before the Exodus the Babylonian language was the common medium of literary intercourse throughout the civilized East, from the banks of the Nile to those of the Tigris and Euphrates, and that the complicated syllabary of Babylonia was taught and learned along with the Babylonian language throughout the whole extent of western Asia. The letters are written by persons of the most diversified race and nationality; many of them are from officers of the Egyptian court, and they are sometimes about the most trivial of matters. They testify to an active and extensive correspondence, carried on, not by a select caste of scribes, but by every one who pretended to the rank and education of a gentleman. It is clear that the foreign culture of Babylonia must have penetrated deeply into the heart of the populations of the ancient Orient; there must have been schools and teachers in their cities in which it could be learned, and libraries and archive-chambers in which books and letters could be stored.¹

If we may not safely conclude that at this remote period the art of writing and reading was "as widely spread as it was in Europe before the days of the penny post," it is nevertheless clear that no argument can be sound which assumes that at that date it was rare or difficult to commit to writing, and hand on for generations, literature in considerable quantity, whether historical, epistolary or of any other kind. The material used for such records was, happily, not frail like papyrus, parchment, or paper. Clay is practically imperishable, and the archive-chambers of the past prove to have been full of materials which, if not wilfully destroyed, will last as long as the world.

¹ P. 49.

Let it be noted, however, exactly what is and what is not proved by these interesting facts. Nothing is proved concerning the narratives in Genesis and Exodus that have come down to us. The skill of the literary critic is as necessary as ever to enable us to determine the date of documents in their present form. But it is conclusively proved that writers in the time of David or Solomon were not dependent upon the vague and distant oral tradition, that records of considerable length and in considerable quantities were made and handed on in western Asia five hundred years before that period, that historians might well find and probably did find stored up in the cities of Palestine abundant materials for writing the history of the past. It is proved that the period of the Exodus was in a very real sense of the word a literary period. That the neighbors of Israel were well acquainted with alphabetic writing, that not in Egypt only, but throughout western Palestine, the lawgiver and historian and scribe were freely at work, and that there is no reason in the nature of the case why lengthy documents, traced before the time of Moses, may not have been handed down, virtually intact, to be embodied in the annals of later days.

It may be said that this is no great triumph, that it has always been known that the Egyptians were a literary people in very early times, and that we have high authority for knowing that Moses was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." But it will be observed that the evidence now adduced does not concern Egypt only; and, what is more important, that it is contemporaneous as well as specific in character. Modern criticism questions all tradition, and it is no small matter for those who are desirous to establish the accuracy and trustworthiness of early Biblical records, to be able to point to the existence of contemporaneous evidence which proves the free, we had almost said the popular, use of the art of reading and writing in western Asia a century before the time of Moses. Sceptical critics laid down

certain very destructive canons which made short work with the traditional history of Greece and Rome, and had they not been checked, it would be difficult to say what would have been left among the facts which they were rapidly dissolving into mythical vapor. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik gave them necessary pause. Hewn stones are stubborn things. It is possible now for men to see with their own eyes proofs of what men were and did in the heroic age of Greek history. The princes of Mykenæ and Tiryns, their walls and fortresses, their palaces and weapons and ornaments, are before us. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.* The brave men who lived before Agamemnon have risen from their graves, and though the buried cities of Hissarlik do not tell us the story of the Trojan war, their evidence puts a wholesome check upon the ravages of destructive criticism. So it has been also in the history of the New Testament. The theorists of Tübingen have been discredited by the only kind of evidence which can effectually arrest mordant subjective criticism—the stubborn resistance of objective facts. The discovery of the contents of Tatian's "Diatessaron," with the evidence it affords to the date of the Fourth Gospel, is enough to put to rout a host of theories. In the case of the Old Testament, it is obviously not to be expected that contemporary evidence would be forthcoming in any considerable quantity. A remarkable sample of it is, however, now appearing, thanks to the spade and pick of the archaeologist, and there is promise of much more. If we do not learn what it has to teach, it will be our own fault.

The next lesson we note, however, supports within limits several of the positions of Biblical critics. Light is shed by these early records upon the nature of the compositions of the time. Compilation is the rule, not the exception. Personal authorship, with its distinctness, individuality, and authority, hardly exists. The sacred book is not the utterance of one man, but the embodi-

ment of the lore of generations. The Egyptian "Book of the Dead," a collection of prayers and formulæ, by means of which the soul of the departed might gain rest in a future life, is not the product of one mind or of one age. "Its form changed from age to age. New chapters were embedded in it, old chapters were modified; glosses added in the margin to explain some obsolete word or phrase made their way into the text, and even glosses upon these glosses met with the same fate." It was "an amalgamation of documents and beliefs of various ages and localities. As Professor Maspero has shown, more than one contrary belief is embodied in it, one belief being contained in chapters which emanated from one part of Egypt, and another belief in those which emanated from another part of the country." Now this does not prove that Moses did not write the Pentateuch. The Old Testament is not a Jewish "Book of the Dead," and the worship of Jehovah was not conducted by means of a number of traditional illustrations drawn from other sacred books to prove the literary habits of the superstitious formulæ. And when, on quite independent evidence, the critic claims to show that the Pentateuch is a compilation, that narratives from various sources, sometimes exhibiting a measure of inconsistency, are embodied in it, contemporary evidence is at hand to confirm the probability of his supposition. It is in vain that any one should argue from the habits of historians of the nineteenth century that such incorporation of various and even diverse elements is impossible. The sacred literature of Babylonia, as well as of Egypt, proves this to have been the rule, and the evidence of the Pentateuch to itself proves that it formed no exception. We must not linger to give a detailed illustration from what Professor Sayce calls the "growth of a literary work" in the case of the great epic of primitive Chaldaea. Suffice it to say that those who hold that in Genesis two accounts of the Deluge have been combined in one narrative, can point to an almost

perfect parallel in the story of the Deluge contained in the eleventh book of this old Chaldaean poem.

If it is said that this is to treat an inspired record merely as so much ancient literature, we reply that this is exactly what for the moment we are concerned to do. The problem of the nature and composition of the Pentateuch is a literary problem, and must be determined upon literary grounds. Hence, the parallel of contemporary literatures of a similar kind becomes one of great importance. No one need fear for the authority and sacredness of scripture records. The Old Testament will take care of itself. There is no likelihood of its being confounded with books of Egyptian ritual, or foolish legends of the hero Gilgames, or the goddess Istar. But, as regards literary form, the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is conditioned by the character of the times in which the several books were written, and the Pentateuch must be judged as so much early Oriental literature. Let it be judged then by such standards, and we see the unreasonableness of expecting to find in it modern scientific history. It may be proved that the historical records of the Old Testament are authentic, but authenticity does not imply in this case the minute accuracy of the modern historian with his passion for detail, his array of eye-witness reports, diaries, correspondence, and all the paraphernalia with which a Carlyle reconstructs the daily life of a Frederick. Narratives may be shown to be neither myths, nor fictions, nor pious frauds, and yet they may contain mistakes, inaccuracies, inconsistencies, and interpolations. Written for a purpose, they may be shown to answer that high purpose in an altogether impressive manner, though they may not meet the historical tests of the nineteenth century analyst and pedant. The evidence of the monuments confirms in a thousand instances the accuracy of the sacred records, and even when inaccuracy cannot be denied—as, for example, in some of the narra-

tives of Kings and Chronicles, in the date of the invasion of Sennacherib, or the accounts of the numbers of armies engaged in battle—the honesty and trustworthiness of the narrative as a whole is unimpeachable. As Professor Sayce puts it, speaking of the narrative of the fall of Samaria in 2 Kings:—

Where the materials before the historian are scanty or imperfect it is inevitable that at times he should draw false conclusions, which fuller evidence may subsequently correct. The existence of such inaccuracies in the Biblical narrative is the best proof we can have of its conformity with other historical writings. It is to be judged like them; an impossible standard of mathematical accuracy is not to be demanded for it. The substantial truth of the story has been abundantly vindicated; the errors due to the defectiveness of his materials show only the honesty of the compiler and set the general trustworthiness of his history in a clearer light.¹

Illustrations from the monuments of this general principle are so numerous that it is difficult to make a selection. They do not prove "mathematical accuracy," they do prove abundantly the authenticity and trustworthiness of narratives which have been freely discredited. The story of the Exodus might well furnish us with a score of proofs that whenever the narrative, as we possess it, was written, contemporary evidence was available as material. But the very fulness of this particular illustration prevents us from dealing with it in our limited space. Take instead the brief incident recorded in Genesis of Melchizedek. The tablets of Tel el-Amarna go to show in an indirect, but very remarkable way, that Melchizedek is no myth but a historical personage. There figures in the correspondence a certain Ebed-tob, who proves to have been a tributary of Pharaoh, a vassal-king of Jerusalem. The name Jerusalem is, however, written Uru-salim, *uru* being the equivalent of the Assyrian *alu*, "city." It is, perhaps, not safe to press the fact, as Professor Sayce does, that Salim was the god of peace, but

¹ p. 419.

the early name of the city and its sacred character are established. This Ebed-tob further says that "neither father nor mother" have exalted him to the dignity he holds, that not by virtue of his genealogy is he in power, but through "the oracle of the Mighty King," in other words he was both king and priest and was king because he was priest. So that from a record contemporaneous with those far-away events, it is proved that in the time of Abraham, Jerusalem was governed by a royal priest who spoke of the Mighty King his God, and inscriptions from other Semitic monuments even furnish a parallel to the phrase "Blessed be Abraham of the Most High God." We do not ourselves press the minute coincidences and confirmations which are furnished by Professor Sayce of this narrative of Melchizedek, though naturally these strike the imagination most. The archæologist has his weaknesses and may be disposed to make too much of analogies as the critic may make too much of discrepancies. But the general confirmation thus furnished of a remarkable, and not in all respects intelligible story, embedded in the early chapters of Genesis, is too striking for any one to question it, and the moral to be drawn concerning the tender and reverent spirit in which these sacred records of the early world should be studied and handled, lies upon the very surface and needs no pointing on our part.

One effect of the recent discoveries can as yet be only partially discerned. The history of Israel will never be adequately understood till it can be viewed in its relation to that of contemporary nations. The historical method of study is not all-potent, but it is one most important *organon* of knowledge and one which at present is very highly esteemed. Hitherto it has been possible to apply it in very scanty measure to the history of Israel. Where it can be applied—as, for example, to the history of Judah under Hezekiah at the time of Sennacherib's invasion—we are conscious at once that we have a grasp of the meaning of that

history such as would be otherwise unattainable. The religion of Israel is better understood when we can study it at work in such a setting. The prophecies of Isaiah would be only half intelligible without our knowledge of Assyria, Babylon, and Egypt, and the position of Judah in relation to them. Hitherto the historical method has been inapplicable to the early history of the Hebrews. The Bible-story has stood alone. A marvellous story! How it has awed and fascinated and instructed generation after generation! But some points in it have never been appreciated, for lack of power to view the whole in a setting of contemporary history. We can imagine devout Bible students hesitating over such a statement, as if the history of Abraham would gain nothing in significance by our knowing more about Chedorlaomer, and the simplicity and beauty of the story of Joseph would only be lost amongst the wearisome annals of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egyptian kings. But light and color and form are relative, not absolute, and this isolation of early Hebrew history has not conduced to an understanding of the one thing which makes Israel important in the history of mankind—its religion. Professor M'Curdy well says in his preface:—

It is certain that the Hebrews have been gravely misapprehended, because their vast political, social, moral, and religious environment has been so much ignored. . . . In the attempt to account for their phenomenal history, full play has rightly been given to wonder and admiration, while little attention has been paid to their antecedents, their racial affinities, and those vital inter-relations with the contemporary peoples which necessarily determined their destiny. They become more real, more human, more interesting, and, therefore, more morally helpful to us, the more we regard them in the light of their historical attributes and achievements, as the children of their own ancestry and their own times. . . . To study the history of the Hebrews in its right relations and due proportions is not to depreciate their unique Divine vocation; it is rather to exalt it by making it more intelligible and reasonable, by

bringing it better within the range of our vision and nearer to our sympathies.¹

We would especially emphasize the thought in the last sentence, giving it a somewhat different turn and application. The Divine in history can only be measured in its relation to the human; the meaning of sacred is only intelligible in contrast with the secular. The student of the Bible becomes not less, but more, a "man of one book," by bestowing some attention upon those "Sacred Books of the East," now easily accessible, which, so far as the history of religion is concerned, come into competition with it. This is a point which needs not to be labored, and its bearing upon our subject is obvious. Only of late has it been possible—it is hardly possible now for any but an expert—to view the history of the patriarchs and the early history of the chosen people in the setting which enables us to appreciate its true significance. What were the Semites of early times in relation to other races? What were the Hebrews in their relation to other Semites? The whole area occupied by the races with which we are here chiefly concerned is only three of four times as large as England; yet in it we find Babylonians (Assyrian and Chaldean); Aramæans (Mesopotamian and Syrian); Canaanites, with their congeners the Phœnicians; and of the Hebraic stock, Moabites, Ammonites, and Edomites. How were pure Hebrews related to these kindred peoples? In blood, in institutions, in habits, in temperament, in religion? Related to others by descent, or environed by them geographically, what made them to differ from the rest by the diameter of a whole heaven? That they did so differ is a fact, a "phenomenal" fact; what is the explanation of it? It is obvious in a moment that the true sacredness of Israelitish history will gain, not lose, by such a comparison. As we grow to understand Christianity better by studying its rise amidst Jewish bigotry and Greek culture and Roman civilization and Pagan superstition, so do we understand the religion

of Israel better by studying it in its relation to contemporary Babylonian and Egyptian and Canaanitic life. But only the "monuments"—using the word for the moment in its current signification to include the very various results of recent archaeological discovery—enable us so to study the early history of Israel. And the full results of that study, fruitful beyond description as it seems to us likely to be, remain yet to be seen.

It may be asked, however, whether there is not something to be set over against these decided gains, and the increased help afforded by the monuments in the study of early Scripture history. Is there not a more than counterbalancing loss in the changed view now to be taken of early Hebrew religion? Have not Babylonian accounts of the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge, been discovered which diminish the respect hitherto paid to the Scripture narratives and almost reduce them to the level of myths? Have not the origins of sacred institutions, the Sabbath, sacrifice, circumcision, been traced out so that their sacred character is impaired or well-nigh lost? The Bible history used to stand alone, unique; what becomes of it amongst the parallels to it discovered within the last few years and now carefully studied and understood? In order to answer these questions, let us first understand the facts; and in order to do this, it will be best to take one concrete instance, the account of the Creation given in the first two chapters of Genesis. At the risk of repeating what is familiar, let the facts be briefly recounted.

Until the Assyrian inscriptions were discovered and deciphered, little was known of Semitic cosmogonies and no parallel between them and the Biblical account of Creation could be drawn. Certain Babylonian and Phœnician traditions had filtered down, in a confused manner, and found a place in the records of Berosus and Sanchoniathon. The former was a Græco-Chaldean priest of Babylon in the third century before Christ, fragments of whose works have been preserved by Jose-

¹ Pp. vii, viii.

phus and others; the latter, a Phœnician priest, whose cosmogony is known only through the works of Philo of Byblus, a writer of the early Christian era. It was in 1874 that Mr. George Smith made the discovery of the tablets containing the Babylonian legends of the Creation, which have since been carefully studied by such Assyriologists as Oppert, Schrader, Sayce, Pinches, and Boscauwen. At first there was some doubt about the meaning of parts of the text, but now a sufficient consensus of opinion has been reached to assure us that the whole is clearly and adequately interpreted. The tablets were copied about the year 660 B.C., and formed part of the library of King Assurbanipal in Nineveh. The works deposited in this temple library were copies of older works in the Temple of Nebo at Borsippa, multiplied, by royal command, "for the instruction of the people." (Surely here is an instructive parallel, helping us to understand what happened in Jewish history in the reigns of Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, and Josiah.) Duplicates of these tablets have been discovered at Borsippa, and have greatly aided in the elucidation of obscure passages. There seem to have been seven tablets in the series, giving an account of the Creation; without going into detail, we transcribe the following account of them from Mr. Boscauwen's volume (p. 41):—

Tablet i.—The Pre-Creative state and the First Day—Gen. i. 1–5.

Tablets ii., iii., iv.—The Creation of Light and the war between Light and Darkness. The victory of the former and the separation of Heaven and Earth, the banishment of the Dragon of Chaos to the depths of the under world. The earth planted. This group corresponds in general to the work of the Second and Third Days—Gen. i. 6–13.

Tablet v.—Creation and ordering of the heavenly bodies. Corresponds nearest of all to the Fourth Day—Gen. i. 14–19.

Tablet vi.—*Lost*.

Tablet vii.—Creation of cattle and creeping things, and probably man also.

Corresponds to the Sixth Day—Gen. i. 24–31.

We transcribe a portion of the first tablet, as now read with a few variations by the general consent of Assyriologists.

1.—At that time on high the heavens were un-named.

2.—Below on the wide earth a name was not recorded.

3.—The first-born ocean was their generator.

4.—The chaotic sea was the bearing mother of them all.

5.—Their waters as one were folded together.

6.—The cornfield was unharvested, the pasture had not sprung up.

7.—When as yet the gods had not come forth any of them.

8.—A name was not recorded, order did not exist.

9.—They were made even the great gods.

10.—Lakhmu and Lakhamu came forth.

11.—Until they spread . . .

12.—Far extended were the days, until the gods Au-Sar [Heaven-host], and Ki-Sar [Earth-host], were made.

13.—The god Anu . . . Bel . . . and Ea . . .

The similarities between the Babylonian and the Hebrew "Genesis" are unmistakable. In both we find a primeval chaos, indicated in the tablets by a word *Tiamat* exactly corresponding to *Tehom* (abyss), of Gen. i. 2. In both we notice the orderly production of the universe in six or seven successive periods, the order observed proceeding in each case from the creation of light to that of the firmaments and heavenly bodies, and ending with man. In verse 6, of the above extract, there is a very curious verbal parallel with Gen. ii. 5.

The full measure of the similarity can, however, only be seen by following the outline of the Babylonian account as a whole. The most striking agreement is perhaps discernible in the fifth tablet, which corresponds to the work of the Fourth Day described in Genesis. "The constellations he arranged them, the stars he fixed. He established the position

of the stars, and for the seasons their bounds, not to make fault or error of any kind. The illuminator he caused to shine to rule the night; he appointed him to establish the night until the coming forth of the day . . ." There is much more astronomical detail in the Babylonian cosmogony, but the outline presents an unmistakable family likeness to the Hebrew narrative. So marked is this, that some scholars have supposed that the Hebrew cosmogony is lineally descended from the Assyrio-Babylonian; being borrowed from it, either directly at the time of the Babylonian captivity, or indirectly in earlier times. The former is for various reasons an improbable, if not impossible, supposition, and the latter can hardly be said to represent the facts of the case.

The kinship between the accounts is not to be denied, but the differences are even more obvious and important. The order of Creation is not precisely the same in the two accounts; the creation of light is represented in the Babylonian narrative as resulting from a kind of conflict between a deity and chaos; on the seventh tablet the Babylonian account continues its description of creative work, while Genesis speaks of Divine rest and the institution of the Sabbath. But the fundamental and ruling difference is all-important. The tablets speak of many gods, Genesis of One God; the tablets describe the gods themselves as the product of the all-generating abyss, whilst the dominating thought of a creative Mind, a directing Will and Word which distinguishes the Biblical cosmogony from all others is conspicuous by its absence. Despite the marks of agreement between the two accounts which superficially arrest attention, every reader feels that he has passed into another atmosphere as he leaves the contents of the tablets for the Scriptures. The former is childish, the latter sublime. The Babylonian story is a human mythology, the Hebrew a Divinely inspired religion.

What then is the relation between these kindred, yet distinct, accounts of

the origin of all things? There can be little doubt that the view now generally accepted by scholars is correct, that both contain a version of a very early Semitic tradition, the outlines of which may be more or less clearly discerned in each, while the characteristic and distinctive features separate them one from another as widely as the poles. Another legend, obtained from Cutha in Babylonia, and conjectured to date as early as 2350 B.C., varies from both accounts in such a way as to confirm this view of the family relationship. There were probably many versions of the great "Creation-epic" current in various forms among the different branches of the Semitic race. Some of these are now in our possession, more may yet be discovered. The Hebrew version belongs, yet does not belong, to this family, wears the family features with so different an air that the student of mythologies is startled and bewildered.

The student of the Bible may be for the time bewildered also. He may ask, Are we to accept as inspired an account of Creation which is said to present a family likeness to a Babylonian myth, and is the first chapter of Genesis, with its sacred and impressive teaching only one degree removed from a childish polytheistic legend? Closer consideration, however, assures us that it has never been a Divine method in teaching man to reveal to him directly a knowledge of physical facts which it was every way better that he should study and understand for himself. Neither as regards astronomy, geology, biology, or any form of physical science does Genesis anticipate modern discoveries, though the measure of agreement between this sublime chapter and the physical theories of our own day is in many ways very remarkable. But, given the inspired Hebrew, whoever he was, who wrote the Scriptural account of Creation under Divine guidance, and we find in him the same subtle blending of the human and the Divine which meets us everywhere throughout the sacred Scriptures. There is the measure of human igno-

rance, a Semite brought up amidst traditions concerning the origin of all things which are not miraculously removed from his mind to make way for unimaginable and useless "science" characteristic of ages to come; but there is also the marvellous measure of Divine inspiration, filling the spirit with celestial light and fire, so that the old form of cosmogony is transfigured, transformed till it is hardly recognizable. The chapter—or chapters, if we consider Gen. i. 1, ii. 4 to represent an "Elohistic," ch. ii. 4–7 to represent a "Jehovistic" account of Creation—is simply filled with God! A Divine radiance illumines it from the first line to the last. "In the beginning GOD—created the heavens and the earth!" He spake and it was done; He commanded and it stood fast. Some features of the old legend remain, but its follies, its childishness, its low conceptions of the universe, of man, above all its low and degrading conceptions of the Divine, are gone, and there remains only that which, when rightly understood, avails to teach not the Jew only, but the Gentile, not early Israel only, but the wise and learned of all time, a narrative of Creation whose form may belong to the seen and temporal, but where substance claims high kindred with the unseen and eternal.

Similar lessons are taught by the narrative of the Flood. A comparison of the Babylonian and Hebrew accounts of the Great Deluge which figure so largely in the sacred books of both nations, makes it certain that there is a common basis of tradition underlying both. And, curiously enough, just as it has been long recognized that two narratives are blended together in the account of the Flood given in Genesis, so Assyriologists assure us that more than one "hand" is discernible in the Assyro-Babylonian narrative which caused so much sensation when given to the world by George Smith twenty years ago. Its scope and character are better understood now than then, and the place which it occupies in the series of the so-called Izdubar legends has been

made plain. Similarities strike us between the Scriptures and the tablets, but amidst what difference! The latter tells us how the gods Anu, Bel, and others, brought about the Flood, but were themselves afterwards so terrified by it that they "sought a refuge. The god, like a dog in his kennel, crouched down in a heap. Istar cries like a mother." The god Ea commands Hasisadra to build a great ship like a dwelling-house, and cover it with bitumen within and without. The story describes the sending forth of dove and swallow and raven from the ship of refuge, the sending forth of the animals and the offering of sacrifices, which were well-pleasing to the gods, who "gathered like flies over the sacrifices. Thereupon the great goddess, at her approach, lighted up the rainbow, which Anu had created according to his glory." Again what likeness, amidst what unlikeness! Enough of form and outline remains to show that these peoples—Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews—had something in common, mingled with so much of difference as has sufficed to relegate the stories of the tablets to the mounds of Borsippa, and the dusty researches of archaeologists, leaving the story of Genesis to enlighten and impress a world.

Naturally the most is made of the contents of these monuments by those who do not believe in revelation and deny or try to explain away the supernatural. For them the first chapter of Genesis is but another series of myths concerning Lakhmu and Lakhmu, of just as little value, as the Babylonian edition, though of more widespread renown. It is but playing into the hands of such sceptics for devout students of Genesis to deny or ignore obvious facts. Religion will never lose anything by facing truth, from whatever quarter it comes or whatever aspect it wears. The view of Revelation which regards the account of Creation as a store of supernatural information, directly communicated to the mind of Moses and anticipating the scientific discoveries of modern

times, reconcilable in all its details with the ascertained knowledge of to-day, is no longer tenable. But we shall gain a loftier, not a lower, idea of God's dealings with men, when our eyes are opened to see what Revelation really means, and how it has pleased God in all generations to train and educate his ignorant and wayward children. "His ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." He took one branch of the Semitic stock in western Asia just as they were, and trained their slow minds and stubborn wills to accomplish His own wise designs for all mankind. He is the God of the Jews and of the Gentiles also. "He hath made of one blood all nations to dwell together on all the face of the earth;" yet he had also chosen one people for his own possession and given them a work to do, which was to be not for themselves alone, but for the world. Joshua could speak to Israel of "the gods which your fathers served on the other side of the flood and in Egypt," those fathers who "dwelt on the other side of the flood in old times, even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor," and for long centuries the people needed to be urgently exhorted to leave those other gods and serve Jehovah. Not by a miracle were they or their leaders lifted above the ignorance and superstition which was around them and within them. The Scripture narrative tells us faithfully of their temptations and their falls; tells us also of the Divine teaching given, the Divine help afforded, and at the long last the Divine conquest achieved. A knowledge of the human side of what we are rightly accustomed to call "sacred history" need not, should not, abate in us any of our reverence for its marvellous Divine manifestations, but rather deepen and increase it. A knowledge of the life of the nations around will not, or at least ought not, to diminish our appreciation of the Divine element in the history of Israel which made that chosen people, while so like their neighbors and kinsmen in many things, so wonderfully to differ from them in the highest and most

important part of human life. "What advantage then hath the Jew? Much every way; chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God." To Greece, mankind owes art and culture; to Rome, civil law and order; to Israel, religion. The glory of Israel cannot be taken away. Israel stands alone amongst the nations, and her unique vocation is only the more distinctly emphasized by all the facts recently revealed to us concerning her kinship with other nations of western Asia. To Israel pertaineth "the adoption and the glory, and the covenants and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises." Hers were "the fathers," and to her much more might have belonged than the fathers and the promises had she been worthy of her high calling, and faithful to the trust implied in her lofty heritage. "Of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came"—came unto his own; and they that were his own received him not. The history of Israel in its origin, its course, its errors, its fall, and the rising again which is yet to be, is the enigma of history. We welcome everything which will enable us to understand it better.

We have gathered, hastily and imperfectly, a few of many "lessons from the monuments." Some of these may be not altogether welcome, others it will take the Church some little time to master. But God has many ways of teaching those who are willing to learn of him. He has spread before the present generation the marvellous story unfolded by physical science, and now there are being unrolled before our eyes pages of long-forgotten history, full of a deep significance and teaching of their own. The stars and the suns, the rocks and the hills, all the forms of life in their long evolution from diatom to man, have a voice with which to speak of the Divine to willing and instructed hearts. So have the buried cities and ruined palaces which have been giving up their dead, and telling to wondering ears of the life of man as it was lived long millenniums since, and their voice, with the message they have to give, we

are only just beginning to understand. But the lessons of primeval human history, like the lessons of nature, when rightly read, only add fresh light and impart new lustre to that Word of God which liveth and abideth forever.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
VILLAGE CRAFT.

BY MARY HARTIER.

"Anne, I can't bide in that house by myself any longer. If you and John will have me back again in the old place I don't care how soon I come." So saying, Farmer Pearse dropped into a straight-backed chair by the side of the hearth, and began to fill his pipe with the air of a man whose affairs are settled to his entire satisfaction.

His daughter paused a minute in her work of polishing the brass tankards and bowls that adorned a huge oak chest standing against the wall opposite the fire. "Well, father, I think that's the most sensible thing I've heard you say for some time. There's your chair always placed ready for you in the chimney-corner, and when you are not here nobody else sits in it."

"Seems to me, my dear, I generally am in this chair. I've spent too many years in this old house for it not to seem more like home than any other place in the world. When I gave up the farm to you and John I thought I should be glad of a bit of quiet in my old age, but, bless my soul, I get properly tired-out and maze-headed with having nothing to do. If I am here I can get about and keep an eye on the men; but down at my little house, with no cattle and no crops to look after 'tis about as cheerful as if I were tucked away snug in the old churchyard."

"I hope the children won't be a worry to you, father," said Anne Bonifant, as Tommy began to poke the burning logs with his grandfather's silver-topped walking-stick, while the youngest curly-haired girl of four climbed into his lap and demanded, "'Tory, granfer, one about big lions that roar," for

children begin at an early age to appreciate the sensational and blood-curdling style of fiction.

"I'll soon settle the little wretches if they get too much for me," said Farmer Pearse as he seized his stick and flourished it threateningly at his grandson, who did not, however, seem greatly alarmed. "Drat the little twoad! Get along with 'ee," as Tommy began to give battle for his rights. "I shan't mind a bit of noise now and then. At any rate it will be a change. I'll tell 'ee what 'tis, my dear, I do miss your poor mother's tongue most *turra-bul*. My! how 'er did chitter, to be sure; the dear soul never stopped from morning to night, and though I didn't take much notice of it while it was going on, yet it seemed kind of cheerless when it stopped."

"Did Betty Mock manage pretty comfortably for you?" asked Anne, working round in true feminine fashion to get at her father's reason for suddenly breaking up his establishment.

"I can't stand that old Mother Mock any longer," said the farmer, giving the logs a vigorous kick to relieve his mind; and the sparks danced up the chimney, while the renewed blaze flickered on the shining brass opposite.

"She's a drabitted old fagot, and never opens her mouth except to grizzle and growl about her rheumatics, and to say what a shame it is she should have to work so hard at her time of life. Then, when I suggest she had better have a maid to help her, she turns round and says she knows she's getting old, but it's very hard to have it thrown in her face that she can't cook properly, or do the work as quickly as she could once, and she supposes I want to turn her off in her old age, and have some flighty young gadabout in her place. Old Betty Mock may bide there as long as she likes, but she won't see me back again in a hurry."

Farmer Pearse, having given vent to his feelings and filled his pipe at the same time, picked out a stick red-hot at one end to light it with. This was accomplished safely, though his beard did appear in deadly peril from stray

sparks, and he puffed away, a look of deep content gradually spreading over his features as he felt he had at last broken away from the tyranny of his ill-tempered housekeeper. The good farmer was a fine type of the old-fashioned yeoman. He was hale and hearty in spite of his seventy years, and his upright figure, and keen undimmed eye, told the story of a life led in the fields under the constant influence of sunshine and fresh breezes. He was something of an oracle in the village by virtue of seeing a daily paper sent to him by a London cousin when it was not more than four days old. Also, he had once heard some lectures on phrenology and mesmerism. This incited him to study books on these subjects, which resulted in his expounding to admiring mothers in what particular line of genius their sons might be expected to distinguish themselves, and in curing some old women of fits. The mothers believed in him implicitly, especially as he gave the children lollipops when he had felt the lumps under their curls. The old women enjoyed their cures with outward gratitude, but with inward perturbation as they were fully convinced that he was in direct league with the Evil One. Farmer Pearse had three distinct manners of speech. When talking with strangers he had command of very good English, flavored perhaps with the fine Devonshire accent—the broad lengthened vowels, the French *eu*, and the unstinted sound of the *r*'s—but pretty free from the provincial idioms. In conversation with his daughter he was still fairly grammatical, although a few expressive words and idioms would be scattered here and there. But to hear the farmer at his best you must listen to him giving orders to his men, or having a chat with a friend on the state of the crops. Then if you are a native of the dear old West Country yourself you will have a rich treat, but, if you have the misfortune to have been born in any other part of England, you will think you are listening to a foreign language.

"'Ow did 'ee zim tii like strange passen s'marnin, Varmer Payrse?" said an old woman to him, as he passed through the churchyard one Sunday. "Gude lawk! Mall, why 'ee drawn'th like a drimbledrane in a cow-flop!" returned the farmer. At the same time the squire was passing with a friend, who remarked, "What on earth did that man say?"

"Well," answered the squire, "our friend, the Reverend Willoughby Sinclair, prides himself on the rare beauty of his voice when he is intoning, but Farmer Pearse thinks he drones like a bumble-bee in a foxglove."

But we must return to the farmer's present difficulties.

"What shall you do about your house, father?" asked Anne, when he had finished his pipe, and was knocking out the ashes on the stone hearth.

"Oh! let it, I suppose, just as it is."

"But where are you going to find a tenant? You know, father, you were saying yourself the other day that it was five years since anybody fresh came to live here, and that was only old Tom Conibeare, who came back to spend his last days because he couldn't bear the idea of dying anywhere but in Berracot. Besides, his brother being a carpenter, he thought it would come much less expensive to be buried here."

"Well, my dear woman, how could folks settle here if there were no houses for them to live in? I'm not quite in my dotage yet, and if I say I mean to let my house, let it I will, and before many days are over, too. If you've anything sensible to say I am ready to listen to it, but don't talk foolishness, my dear."

When Farmer Pearse was in this mood his friends had learned that it was well to leave him to himself, so Anne Bonifant wisely took her knitting, and went to stand at the door and watch for her husband's return from the market town. Times were changing in Berracot, and a wife could now look out for her husband when he came back from the weekly market without dreading the state in which he would appear. A little extra hilarity on the

part of the cheerfully disposed, or a slight deepening of moroseness in those who took a gloomy view of life might, perhaps, be looked for, but public opinion had changed in regard to down-right intoxication. Farmer Pearse had always been a temperate man, but in his youth he had often purposely rolled from side to side on his horse as he entered the village, for a man was looked upon as a poor sort of effeminate creature if he had the bad taste to return sober from market.

As the coach passed through Berracot the following evening Farmer Pearse was standing at the door of the New Inn with a few companions, whose custom it was to meet and take stock of the passengers while the horses were changed. There were not many travellers, and those on the outside soon disappeared in search of the creature comforts they felt certain were awaiting them in the cosy inn parlor. Inside the coach were three ladies, Miss Sarah Luxton, with her sisters, Miss Jane and Miss Euphemia. Their respective ages were fifty-nine, sixty, and sixty-one, but Miss Jane, who came in the middle, looked after the other two, and arranged all their secular affairs. Miss Luxton was sometimes appealed to on matters moral or spiritual, but was considered by her younger sister incapacitated on account of her age for any active work, while Miss Euphemia was looked upon as a mere babe, and petted accordingly. It was Miss Jane, therefore, who said, "I think, sisters, we will get out of the coach while it is waiting; it will be refreshing to change our position for a short time."

Farmer Pearse, who was nothing if not gallant, seeing Miss Jane wrestling with the handle of the door, rushed to open it for her, and carefully assisted each sister across the mud on to the two feet of cobblestone pavement.

"Can I help you to order any refreshment, ladies?" he asked.

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind," answered Miss Jane, "but we have everything with us that we require. Only we should like to walk a little if

you are quite sure the coach will not start and leave us behind."

"Don't have any fear of that, ma'am. Sam Cowler, the coachman, always looks after the ladies, and it isn't often he carries such a distinguished company as he does to-day," with an admiring glance at the trim little figures before him. They were diminutive women, all very much alike, except that Jane had the brightest eyes, Sarah the blackest hair, and Euphemia the rosiest cheeks; but after you had known them for five minutes you never mistook one for the other. It was only outwardly they were cut after the same pattern.

"If you want a little walk, shall I tell Sam to pick you up at the top of the hill?" continued the farmer. "You will find it less muddy than on the level."

"That's a very good idea," said Miss Jane, setting forth briskly.

"Sarah, my dear, lean on my arm, and Euphemia, hold your dress up at the back and pick your way carefully. It will not do to drive the rest of the journey with damp feet."

The little ladies had not gone far, and were beginning to pant with the steepness of the climb, when the long strides of the stalwart farmer overtook them. He was brewing schemes in his artful old head, and he put on his most genial manner. As they said in the village, "Varmer Payrse 'ath a way with 'un, 'er 'ath, that thur baint no gettin' awver," and now he looked at Miss Euphemia out of his merry blue eyes until she began to feel quite sentimental, while Miss Jane was eager to extract information from him, and Miss Luxton felt she should like to say a few words for his moral and spiritual welfare.

"Your hills are rather trying for old ladies," she gasped. That was not at all what she meant to say, but somehow the farmer looked so hale and fresh in body, it seemed as if his soul must also be in a healthy condition.

"Well, they might be, ma'am," he replied, "but that remark does not apply to anybody here. You go up like

a bird, and so do your sisters, and I had hard work to overtake you."

The ladies smiled, and being too breathless to continue the conversation, they turned to admire the view. That is a harmless device, and a long pause of speechless admiration is as complimentary to your cicerone as it is comforting to yourself. Certainly it was a fair sight that spread before them. At their feet nestled the village, the hills rising on every side except where the level fields and marshes stretched away to the yellow sand-hills that bounded the broad sweep of the bay. The autumn tints were tingeing the trees, and were made more vivid by the glow of the setting sun. Some apples in an orchard near shone as if they were illuminated, and away in the distance lay the sea, dark and full against the glowing sky.

The eldest lady was the first to recover her breath. "What thankfulness such a scene should arouse in our ungrateful hearts!" she ejaculated solemnly.

"Really, I feel inspired to write verses," murmured Miss Euphemia.

"It seems to me," said Miss Jane, "that there's money in the place. Is it not, sir, a particularly fertile soil, and a prosperous neighborhood?"

"I've seen worse, and I've seen better," replied the farmer, with the cautiousness of his class, "but those who live in Berracot wouldn't leave it for a mere trifle like prosperity or adversity."

"Indeed! is it celebrated for anything in particular?" asked Miss Jane, with interest.

"Well, ma'am, I think I may say it is noted for something very particular," and Farmer Pearse looked deep and inscrutable things.

"And what might that be?"

"For the longevity of its inhabitants. Folks really seem to be able to live as long as they like in Berracot."

"Dear me! And are there, sir, any houses to be let in the neighborhood?" asked all three voices in one breath.

Farmer Pearse chuckled. "My dear ladies! Is it likely such a chance of living to a hundred would be allowed to

go begging? If one does fall vacant it is caught up in no time."

The sisters sighed with disappointment. "Ah! well, the time of our earthly sojourn is ordered for us wisely," murmured the eldest with pious submission.

"All the same, Sarah, there is no call for us to choose the place of our earthly sojourn foolishly," retorted Miss Jane, and her tone was a trifle snappish.

"It did just come into my mind the other day that I might let my own house," remarked the farmer casually, "and then I thought better of it, for if a rumor of that kind got about there would be a fine uproar, and I should be pestered to death with choosing a tenant. My daughter is terribly anxious to get me to live with her, but I tell her I can't run the risk of offending all the people I should have to refuse as tenants."

During this speech, the interest of the three listeners became alert.

"I should think," said Miss Jane stoutly, "that the most sensible thing would be to fix upon a suitable tenant in your mind, and then tell her—I mean him—that you would allow him to rent your house."

"That's uncommonly good advice," replied the farmer reflectively. "But, you see, it wouldn't be easy to fix on a tenant I should altogether like. I'm fond of the old place, and it isn't everybody I should care to see using the furniture that belonged to my dear old mother. She died there not so very long ago, at the ripe age of a hundred and one." This was perfectly true, and not part of the advertisement; but Farmer Pearse suppressed the fact that his wife was only seventy when she died, that age seeming to him the very prime of life.

"But are there no people in the neighborhood who would suit you? Ladies, say, who would take a pride in looking after the furniture, and keeping everything in order." Miss Jane looked a little confused as she offered this suggestion, and walked on quickly.

"Ah! ma'am, if I could only be sure of getting such tenants as you would

be! But we are rough and humble sort of folk about here, and ladies of distinction, of such attractive appearance and elegant demeanor, are very seldom met with."

"Sarah, would it not be advisable to explain our circumstances to this gentleman," said Miss Jane, who felt that this was a crisis at which the wisdom and experience of age must be consulted.

"Certainly, sister, it would seem as if we were being led in such a direction," was the solemn reply.

"I could trust him with anything," sighed Miss Euphemia.

Miss Jane, thus encouraged, started off boldly. "You have been so very kind, sir, in taking us into your confidence, that I should like in return to tell you something of our affairs."

"You do me much honor, ma'am. My name is Pearse—Farmer Pearse they call me in these parts—and if there is any way in which I can serve three charming ladies, I shall go home a happier man than I was when I started out this afternoon."

The farmer was in his element, and would plunge headlong into compliments, now he saw they were not resented. "My! what a tongue the varmer 'ath a-got, til be sure," was said in the village. "'Er bayt'th the wimmen-folk themselves at they pleasant sort o' little lies!"

"Thank you, Mr. Pearse," returned Miss Jane gratefully. "Our name is Luxton, and we are three sisters who have kept a shop for fancy work and stationery—quite in a genteel way, I assure you. We have saved just enough for our old age, and are anxious now to settle in a quiet, healthy neighborhood."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but it is strange that you should all bear the same name. Did you happen to marry three brothers?"

"We have never married," said Miss Jane serenely. "We are—though now I come to think, it has never struck me in that way before—we really are old maids."

"Say 'maiden ladies,' dear," expostulated Miss Euphemia, with a blush.

"Is it possible!" cried the farmer, throwing up his hands, and looking unutterable things. "Good heavens! what fools the men are, or else, ladies, your hearts must have been uncommonly hard."

The sisters were quite enjoying themselves. They had, indeed, an underlying suspicion that compliments from a comparative stranger ought not to be encouraged, but such a small share of pretty speeches had fallen to the lot of these dear ladies, that they could not help expanding in the glow that is born of appreciation.

"We are on our way now to Torcombe," continued Miss Jane, "which we have heard is famous for its pure air and bracing sea-breezes, but what you say about this place—Berracot, is it not?—makes me wish we could take up our abode here. Why, dear me! here is the coach! How quickly it has overtaken us!"

"If you like the look of Berracot, why not stop here?" said the farmer. "My house is at your service, as I am staying with my daughter, and if you should find yourself comfortable, who knows but that I might have the good fortune of keeping you there as my tenants!"

The sisters were all in a flutter. Even the prompt and business-like Jane looked startled and taken aback. Farmer Pearse soon settled matters. "Sam," he called out, "hand down the luggage that belongs to these ladies. They're not going any farther to-night. I'll send a man to the inn to bring the boxes down to my place."

The ladies looked astonished, but much relieved to find their affairs arranged for them in such a summary fashion. Miss Jane, in her excitement, gave the coachman a more liberal tip than was her custom, while Miss Euphemia, in the joy of her heart, slipped another piece of silver into his hand when nobody was looking, an act of independence that would have horrified her sisters. And so Farmer Pearse set off in triumph, with Miss

Luxton on one arm and Miss Euphemia on the other, while the brisk Miss Jane tripped along unaided, and kept a watchful eye upon her charges.

It was with great pride that the farmer led his future tenants up the neat gravel walk with the box edges, between the borders where old-fashioned autumn flowers bloomed, and some late bees hovered over the lilac Michaelmas daisies. The little square cottage looked snug and homelike, with the myrtles climbing to the bedroom windows, and a few roses still lingering on the tree called by the farmer "Glory de John."

The amazement of Mistress Betty Mock was so great that for the first time in her life she forgot to scold.

That evening Farmer Pearse and his son-in-law sat one on each side of the hearth smoking their last pipe with great content. Anne Bonifant was folding a damask table-cloth, which she had been adorning with minute and exquisite darns.

"I've let my house," remarked the farmer.

Anne dropped the table-cloth in her astonishment. Her husband was a man not easily excited. He merely said, "When are they coming in?"

"They're there," was the reply.

The statement was a little premature, but Farmer Pearse was too astute a man to be out in his reckoning.

They are there still, all of them, though the story I have been telling happened twenty years ago. The little ladies are almost as active as ever. Are they not in Berracot, where one may live as long as one likes? And their white-haired old friend is able on fine sunny days to walk down and see them, though he is glad to rest and drink a glass of home-made wine before he returns to his place in the chimney corner, where Tommy's children now demand stories and run away with granfer's stick.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A TRIP HEAVENWARD.

BALLOONING AS A SPORT.

In theory no experience that we poor non-flying mortals can enjoy is more fascinating, more ideally charming, more poetically sublime, than a trip heavenward in that curious, unnatural, and yet extremely simple apparatus—a balloon. To soar aloft, rising up and up without rocking or vibration. To glide o'er the country, above the tree-tops and houses, perfectly noiselessly, perfectly at ease. To gaze on distant views, on glorious cloudscapes, and have the earth laid flat beneath one's feet! Surely one's wildest dreams can conjure up no more perfect mode of motion. Even the very notion of rising up out of this world of busy hurry, to remain for a time quite beyond the reach of man, and then to return somewhere—no one can say where! Is not there a poetic charm about even this glorious uncertainty?

But, as usual with all mortal joys, we have to look to the practical as well as the theoretical aspect of the question. And of what does our balloon journey consist? Usually we are first confronted with the prosaic monetary and business questions. We have perhaps to make our arrangements with a professional *aéronaut*, and he is probably not much less grasping than any ordinary inhabitant of the earth. Then the chances are we cannot choose our own time and place, but have to be packed into the very crowded-up basket, with two or three strangers, at an appointed time. And, above all, comes that great bugbear to all our unalloyed happiness—the fear of danger. We can only throw ourselves on the hands of the *aéronaut* in charge, trust all to him, place our life in his keeping, and simply hope that he is trustworthy.

On the other hand, there are more pleasant ways of accomplishing our object. Soldiers may go in for military ballooning, and during their course may go many a free trip without such inconveniences as just described. Or again, after we have gained some slight

experience, and have confidence in ourselves, we may, if we can afford it, buy a balloon of our own, and go up when we will.

Personally, I have tried all three methods, and though of course the last is by far the best and most enjoyable, one or other of the other two is a necessity, in order that we should be able to manage our own vessel.

I think, too, that several trips must be undertaken before we can thoroughly enjoy the experience. Those who have made but one or two balloon ascents can hardly, unless they be of an extraordinarily calm and careless nature, realize the enjoyment of a trip when all such adverse elements as fear and trepidation are eliminated from the pure sense of enjoyment. And it is indeed not easy to be entirely rid of a nervous anxiety under the circumstances of a balloon journey. It is a feeling natural to man to be afraid of being up at any great height above the ground. Be he ever so firmly secured to ever so strong a support, he will be apt to feel an inward shrinking if there is nothing except his fastenings between him and the earth, some hundreds or thousands of feet below. And when this feeling is present, nothing but familiarity with the position can master it. But there is also another sense of danger, of a more mental and reasoning origin. The novice will ever be questioning himself as to the strength of the ropes which support him, the chances of the balloon bursting, of the bottom of the car falling out! and though he may soon convince himself that if only the balloon is thoroughly sound and well made there can be but little danger, yet he will recall to mind accounts he has read of numerous terrible balloon catastrophes; and it is true there is here good food for reflection. For undoubtedly many serious accidents have taken place, and, moreover, many in proportion to the number of ascents. Hence people think the pastime (or business) a dangerous one. But it is not so black as it is painted. If we inquire into the balloon accidents of the past, we find

that, with perhaps two or three exceptions, every serious accident has been caused by gross mismanagement, either from ignorance or carelessness.

Again and again we read the same sort of story. Some uneducated, ignorant man, probably through utter lack of capacity to get on in other walks of life, announces himself as professional aeronaut. Not usually having any very large credit lying waste at his banker's, he economizes by purchasing his outfit at the lowest possible figure, which means that either he buys some old balloon in a very doubtful state of soundness, or he sets to work to try and manufacture the article with his own inexperienced hands. Then, with flattering announcements of most daring and sensational feats, he starts his show. A few times he may succeed, but what is more probable than that sooner or later he will have some accident? and this has occurred over and over again.

I can relate a curious little bit of history, illustrative of this, which has only lately come fully to my knowledge. Some years ago, I bought a balloon from a professional aeronaut. Though not a new one, it was sound enough for my purpose. I used it for several ascents, knocked it about a good deal, had it patched and altered, and finally stowed it away for some months in a cellar. After that I knew it was probably not trustworthy, and therefore determined to get rid of it. I asked the maker to buy it back as so much old material. Of course he was only too ready to agree that it was utterly worthless as anything else, and so I parted with it for a few pounds. Some time afterwards I happened to hear that this very balloon had made another ascent, and I therefore ventured to remind the aeronaut of the exact nature of our transaction, recalling the fact that the price he paid me was not the market value of a serviceable balloon, and I presumed to advise him against the risk of trusting his life and limbs to such utterly worthless old material as he had described it. Then, it seems, he took the matter to heart, and, like me, thought it best to be rid of the

thing. So he sold it (history breatheth not whether as "old material" or not) to another professional named Dale. This man, emulating the magician in Aladdin, had a great invention for converting old balloons to new ones. He took the old "Eclipse" and put it in the pot, and boiled it down with soda and other chemicals, till all the varnish had disappeared, and left a mass of snow-white cambric, as clean (if *not* quite as strong) as it was on the day it was born. He varnished the stuff afresh, and then turned out a splendid-looking balloon, quite unrecognizable from the good old "Eclipse," which had its name in "life-sized" letters painted on it. Some years after, a young naval reserve officer in India became possessed of some idea with regard to balloons and parachutes for military purposes, and with the idea of putting his theories to a test, sent home for a balloon. Dale had the very article for him, and shipped it off at once. Poor Mansfield made his first ascent at Bombay; but ere he had attained an elevation of two hundred or three hundred feet, the balloon burst asunder and fell to the ground, the unfortunate aeronaut being fatally injured. Meanwhile poor Dale doubtless thought he had found the elixir of life for balloons, and prepared a second old balloon in the same way, and, what proves that he did not realize the danger or intentionally commit so awful a blunder, made an ascent himself in it, accompanied by his son and others. This balloon acted in just the same way as the first, bursting ere it was clear of the Crystal Palace grounds, and dashing to earth its human freight, Dale and one of his companions being killed, the others dreadfully injured.

Ballooning is so little understood by the general public that accidents of this sort are vaguely attributed to the danger of the practice, without any inquiry as to the exact cause. Aeronauts and their balloons should both be officially certificated, or not allowed to ascend. If this were done, as it is with ships, we should be less often shocked by accounts of appalling disasters.

Of course the practice is to a certain extent dangerous, and accidents *will* happen in the best-regulated balloons. But, then, are not the streets of London dangerous? There have been many cases of quiet, cautious persons being seriously damaged and even killed by hansom cabs and vans. And the best proof of my contention that there is no such very great danger about properly managed ballooning is in the statistics of the ascents of the most reliable aeronauts. Old Green, who made in his day some two thousand ascents, probably a greater number than any other man, never met with any serious accident. Coxwell, a good second to him, and a man of quite a different cut from the average professional, remains intact and uninjured to this day. Then, take our military school of ballooning at Aldershot, than which no better regulated establishment of its kind has probably ever been organized. Here many hundred ascents have been made without any mishap of more than a trivial nature. Exception might possibly be taken to this statement, in the case of a military captive balloon being struck by lightning last year at Aldershot. But the same injuries might have been caused by the utilization of a church steeple, or any other elevated post, as an observatory. It cannot be classed as a purely ballooning accident.

A balloon trip may be divided into three phases—the ascent, the journey in mid-air, and the descent—of which the last is by far the most dangerous.

On a calm day a balloon will rise straight up without any difficulty if a proper amount of "lift" has been provided. On a windy day there is more danger. It may be (and often has been) blown against a tree-top, or, worse still, a house-top; but this (which is not, as a rule, dangerous to the aeronaut) would be entirely due to misjudgment. The careful aeronaut knows that on a windy day he *must* have plenty of spare lift, and *must* have a clear space for some way to leeward. With a sufficiency of these he cannot come to grief in the ascent.

Somebody once said he didn't mind falling from ever so great a height. All he minded was bumping against the ground at the bottom. Just so; but it may quite seriously be said that there is little to fear from ballooning while up in the air; it is only the descent to earth wherein the danger lies. A balloon might, under certain circumstances, burst in mid-air; but such a contingency is not likely to happen to a well-found and well-piloted machine. And if it *does* happen, it may surprise some people to hear that not only is it by no means sure to end in disaster, but that it is not even likely to. Balloons have constantly burst in mid-air, and the shattered envelope, supported by the network, has formed itself into a parachute and let the aeronauts down gently to the ground. Indeed so sure is this result that an American aeronaut, Wise, used on many occasions to ascend and purposely burst his balloon at a great height, by way of giving a novel sensational exhibition. It is true that this result cannot be depended upon if there were less than a couple of hundred feet or so to fall (as in the accidents just referred to), as the material would not have time to arrange itself to resist the air; but then the only cause for a balloon to burst *should* be owing to the rarefaction of the air at a great height.

Nothing much else can happen to a balloon once risen clear of earthly obstructions. Such notions as falling out of the car (which need no more occur than falling out of a boat, indeed not so much), the ropes or netting breaking away, etc., may all be put aside as beyond the range of practical and properly regulated ballooning.

It is a vast pity that the most dangerous time for the balloon traveller is at the end of his journey. The knowledge of this is apt to haunt his mind all through the air, and detract greatly from the free enjoyment of it. And yet as often as not the descent may be accomplished with the greatest of ease. On three or four different occasions I have been hauled to the ground by throwing out a rope to those

below, while gently floating along above their heads, and thus have come to ground without the slightest concussion or danger. On other occasions, when it has been blowing rather hard, or on descending very quickly, I have purposely landed in a tree-top, the twigs of which act as buffers, and from which it is very easy to extricate the balloon when its "way" has been taken off.

There is a simple appliance attached to some balloons called a "guide-rope." It is nothing more nor less than a long rope, anything up to one thousand feet in length, suspended from the car. When the balloon descends, the end of this rope trails along the ground; the lower the balloon comes the less is the weight of rope to be supported by it, which is therefore equivalent to the discharge of so much ballast. If the balloon is inclined to rise again, it has to lift off the ground more weight of rope, and thus the height of the balloon is automatically regulated. If only this could always be used, it would both increase the "life" of the balloon—that is, the length of time it can stay up—and greatly lessen the danger of the descent. But unfortunately it can seldom be used, being apt to damage property on "earth beneath." I have sometimes run some miles across country with a trail-rope, keeping, say, between ten and fifty feet above the ground. It is a delightful sensation to travel along at a rapid pace, skimming over hedges and ditches, across roads and rivers, and conversing casually with passers-by. One might travel thus for miles and miles, and could make a balloon journey last very much longer than is usually the case, since there need be but little loss of gas or ballast. But unfortunately this system can seldom be practised in England. After a few miles one always comes across a house, a farm, a line of telegraph, or some other obstruction, which necessitates our discharging ballast and rising above all earthly ties. On one occasion I passed over a farmhouse with a one thousand feet guide-rope trailing below. I was unable to

rise sufficiently fast to avoid striking the house with the end of the rope. The surprise of the inmates on hearing the raps on the walls and windows, and the rattling of the rope on the roof, can well be imagined, though I believe no further damage was done.

As I have said, the guide-rope renders a descent much more agreeable and safe, since, if travelling fast, the friction of the rope trailing on the ground acts as a brake, and with greater power as the balloon gets lower, and a greater length of rope rests on the ground. And then, when it is desirable to stop, the rope can be seized by men below, or the grapnel let down the rope, and the balloon be brought gently to anchor.

And this leads me to discuss the uses to which balloons have been and might be applied.

They that go up in the air in balloons do so, or say they do so, for certain various reasons. There is the really scientific man, who ascends with some fixed purpose to ascertain empirically some undetermined question of science. There is the soldier, whose object is to practise looking out from his exalted observatory for an enemy, or to note the features of the country before him. Then there is the ordinary amateur, the man who goes up chiefly with the object of being able to say he has undergone the novel experience. Finally, there is the professional, whose main object, as already intimated, is generally the acquisition of filthy lucre.

As for the first of these, he is rather a *rara avis*. Specimens have often been seen. Everybody has heard of Glaisher and his purely scientific ascents, which have been of the greatest value to meteorological science, and much still remains to be learnt by the careful observations of instruments at great heights above the earth. But meteorology is not the only science that may be furthered by this means. Jules Verne's stories all savor much of prophecy; but none is more probable, or rather, more possible of attainment, than the journey across Africa in a bal-

loon which he describes so well. Balloons have been suggested, too, as a means by which to reach the North Pole. And, indeed, it seems to me, if there really is any desirability in arriving at that much-sought-for locality, the air is *the* road. A properly equipped balloon (and here is a chance for our guide-rope!) ought, provided only there is favorable wind, to make certain of getting somewhere near the desired goal. And with what is just as important, a certainty (bar accidents) of getting back, since whichever way the wind blows the balloon would be borne to warmer and more hospitable climes.¹

Then as for the military use of balloons. Of course their usual rôle will be to be led about captive in the neighborhood of the battlefield. It is remarkable that just a hundred years ago military balloons were much used in actual war; yet only within the last ten or fifteen years, although no very special improvement has been introduced, every great military power, without exception, has suddenly adopted them as a regular and necessary part of its equipment, and has been employing them extensively in its manœuvres. However, captive work is very different from the free ascents about which I am now more particularly writing; but there are occasions also when such trips would be of much use in war. The escape of numerous balloons from besieged Paris (although scarcely to be included as pure military ballooning) proved of great importance. As an instance of what might be done in military reconnaissance in war, I will relate what I saw myself at the commencement of our autumn manœuvres last year. Two battalions were supposed to be marching down from London to join a mixed force at Chobham, and these combined were to act as an enemy advancing on Aldershot. The whole

¹ Since writing this article I have heard accounts of M. Andr  e's project of going polewards in a balloon. It is said that the wherewithal has been already subscribed, and that the apparatus is being made ready for a start next year. Success be with him!

division from the latter place marched out one morning and engaged some of the enemy near Pirbright; and after the field-day, during which the balloon had done good captive work, it was decided to let it go free. The wind was blowing from the south-west, so that the balloon would be likely to pass over Chobham and proceed in the direction of London, and thus valuable information might be gained, for at present we knew (or were supposed to know) nothing except that the enemy had retreated northwards, and that some body of troops was supposed to be marching from London to their support. Everything went well. Ascending slowly, we soon got within sight of Chobham, passed directly over the town and near to the camp, in which not only could every tent be counted, but I was able with the aid of field-glasses even to distinguish the differences of uniform, so that it was possible to give pretty exact details of the men, horses, and guns in the camp. Then onward we went towards London, not only the main road, but every lane in the neighborhood, being carefully examined to see any column of troops on the march; but nothing was seen till we got near Hounslow, where a second camp was seen, with its ant-like masses of soldiery, showing clearly that a battalion had just arrived in the camp. But how, it may be asked, could the news be conveyed back to Aldershot? This might, of course, be a difficulty; but as the balloon can be brought down at any desirable moment, pursuers can be easily avoided, the *aéronaut* may jump out, and even let go the balloon, which would continue its voyage, luring on the pursuers. Meanwhile the *aéronaut* with his report may have a difficult, but by no means hopeless, task to find his way back, eluding the enemy, which in a case like this, when they are on the march along main routes, should be easy. He will have noted, while in the air, farmhouses or other places where he may be able to obtain a horse, or may even have marked a friendly farm-cart on a road near by. And then he

could return with the fullest possible report of the progress of the enemy. In a friendly country free balloon trips might thus often be of the greatest value.

I must now refer to the third great object of balloon trips, which is *pleasure*. I might even call it a sport. It has become a sort of fashion, I don't know why, to always refer to a balloon trip as something scientific. The professional *aéronaut* has a way of dubbing himself "professor," and if a man crosses the Channel or performs any other hazardous feat which might be called foolhardy, he always maintains that it is done purely in the interests of science. I never heard of ballooning being called a sport. Yet it is very like yachting and boat-sailing, with a dash of mountaineering, and even the latter is now often included under the heading of sport. And I maintain that, among those sports in which the object is not the pursuit of game, it stands pre-eminent. To travel miles and miles across country, skipping o'er hedges and ditches, skimming up hill and down vale, continually encountering new glimpses of rural scenery, occasionally, perhaps, having a brush through a tree-top or a bump on the ground,—is not this as good as hunting? To drive along before a fresh breeze high in the air, to employ all the skill one can, by plying ballast-bags and valve-line, to prolong the journey and rise or sink as we desire,—is not this as good as yacht-sailing? Then, if only two balloons are to be got, what grand sport can be had by combining all this with the excitement of a race! For a good deal of dexterity is required to pilot a balloon so as to take advantage of the fastest wind-currents, or those moving in the required direction. As a sport, it is fascinating, health-giving, mind-elevating, requires skill, and has a sufficient dash of danger about it to render it truly exciting.

As for ballooning as a profession, I think I have said enough. I am not prepared to say whether there is any opening for a good man to go in for it; but I suspect it is a limited business,

and there are some good men, such as Messrs. Spencer, already well established.

But now, after all this preliminary talk, you—that is, you who have never undergone any experience aloft—will perhaps be anxious to try for yourself what it is all like. Or, on the other hand, it may be you would rather not; for I find that people nearly always are either very anxious to go up or else would not try it for any money. Well, if you like to try, come along. Here is the balloon ready. The men are just taking off the last of the bags of ballast which have been hooked on to the netting to keep the machine down during inflation. Already the little basket in which we are to spend the next hour or two is being attached by its few stout cords to the wooden hoop where all the strings of the netting concentrate. And now your aerial steed stands before you ready for the fray. The light breeze gently sways the amber-like globe about its car, which is held fast to the ground by stalwart hands and by the weight of many sand-bags which have been piled into it. Now all is ready. Don't be nervous! It is time to get into the car. The valve-line is all right, for we have looked up the open neck at the bottom of the gas-bag, and have seen it leading down from the valve at the very top. We have got its lower end, and have now roughly secured it to the hoop. Now clamber into the car. Come! that's not very graceful, knocking your hat off among the ropes, but no matter, so long as you are in. Sit down on the wicker seat. Yes, it is quite strong enough. Now, stow away your belongings. You seem to have a lot of them. Never mind; they can be thrown out as ballast! Take hold of a sand-bag, but don't do anything more till you are told. Now, then, everything ready? "Let go!" We are off! All the rocking motion, the creaking of the car, the various excited voices—all these have ceased. The earth sinks away from under us. Instead of a few people struggling close around us, we see a multitude of

upturned faces. We have risen to a level of the house-tops—ay, and more! For look at the view which is now spreading out around us; we can see miles in all directions. Well-known buildings and places are recognized as they might be from the top of some tower, and yet we are still going up! Look at the place we started from *now*! It has grown quite small. There is the little crowd with the circular space whence the balloon ascended. Do not mind that peculiar crackling in the ears; you will soon get accustomed to that. How still and peaceful it all is! It seems quite hot, since there is not a breath of wind noticeable to us. But now let us arrange the car. Oh, don't mind my moving about. The car *does* creak and tilt slightly, and it does seem rather as if the bottom might drop out; but you need not implore me to keep quiet, there is no danger. So never mind, but look at the view. We have travelled away from our starting-place, and are skimming over comparatively unknown country. See the roads, white and straight, the fields of green and brown, the clumps of trees, the country-houses in their well-planned grounds—all as in a colored map. Now let us see what the aneroid says. It has fallen nearly three and one-half inches, equivalent to a rise of three thousand feet. See how this hot sun has expanded the gas. The balloon is as tight as a drum. But no matter; it can stand it. How curious it is to hear the dogs barking, the children crying, and the many trains whistling! For we can hear every loud noise that occurs within several miles. We are still rising upward. See how faint the country appears to the north, and now it begins to appear so all over—it is all blue and misty. Why, it seems all to be dissolving! It is gone! Nothing is visible anywhere except greyiness. We are in the clouds. It gets comparatively dark, and soon the balloon above our heads begins rustling and looks loose. Bits of paper thrown out mount upwards, showing we are falling faster than they are. Well, we don't want to come down yet; we will go

above this cloud. What! you say you *want* to go down? Oh, it's all right. We'll just discharge a little ballast—half a bag, that's enough. See, we are already checked, and are rising again. It is getting lighter. A dim sunlight strikes us. Suddenly we realize we are in bright sunshine again, with fleecy clouds below us, and a deep blue sky above. Look at the shadow of the balloon on the clouds! See the light prismatic colors like a halo around the shadow of the car. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering up on all sides, a snowy-white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! what bliss! Horrors! what's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense; keep still, it's only a fold of the stuff nipped by the netting being suddenly released, that's all. Well, we are falling again, for see the bits of paper apparently ascending. And we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas-bag shrinks and writhes, and loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upwards, against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say, one thousand feet a minute, which is the same thing as if we were going along ten miles an hour sitting in a dog-cart. Not quite the same, you say? you'd sooner be in a cart. Well, perhaps if the horse were going straight at a wall, without the possibility of being able to stop him, you would think otherwise. But look! there is the earth appearing again, sc out with your ballast. Go on! pour out plenty, there's no good economizing. See how the sand seems to fly upwards, showing how rapidly we are falling. We are already nearing the tree-tops. We are into them, what's more! Hang on now! and mind your hands or the;

will get scratched. Hish! the green twigs come in all around us, we crash among the branches, stop dead, and then the balloon, as if suddenly thinking better of it, lifts us with a tug right up again, and we are soaring away over a field. A little more ballast. That's it. We are just going over a farmhouse—see the ducks and chickens flying in all directions and making such a cackling. "Come down, come down!" we hear people shouting. "Come up here!" we shout in reply, though we have already passed over the house and are skimming along now pretty close to the ground, for a big open hill has appeared before us. We glide up the side of it and pass over its top. But now we will not, as you imagine, continue at this elevation; no, the wind will curl us down the far slope to the valley below. How curious it seems to be gliding swiftly along thus, without the slightest noise, when even the rustling of the wind in the trees can be heard! Look at that covey of partridges flying along just underneath us. Oh no! they are some rabbits scuttling away as fast as they can run. To us *aéronauts*, ground game and winged game appear much the same. But see, there is a large village ahead of us. We must rise again, else some damage may be done to the chimney-pots. There is the town now laid before us—there is the church, then the main street, and the big mill in rear. What place can this be?—I haven't followed the map sufficiently carefully. We'll ask. There is a man standing in the High Street looking up at us. "What town is this?" we shout at the top of our voices. It is immediately replied to by a perfect chorus of voices, each obliterating the other. One forgets that though you ask the question of one man, every person in the village, of whom the greater part are looking up at the balloon, hears one equally well, and all shout back in answer. Well, see! there is the railway, and it is time we were getting down. So we will come down as near to the station as we can. Now, put all your maps and instruments and things away—and look

out. Remember to hang on tight in case of a bump. Don't stand stiffly upright, or you may jar your spine; so keep your knees bent, and crouch down so as to avoid branches, etc. And, above all things, *don't* be thrown out. Now open goes the valve and down we go. We are falling a little too fast, so out with some ballast. Hear it spattering on the trees below! There is a nice open field just beyond those trees. We are nearly in the tree-tops; but out goes the grapnel, and relieved of its weight, we shall just clear them. The grapnel falls into the trees, where it is bound to hold, and we sink gently into the field. How different it all looks! Laborers and others come running up and lay hold of the car. But stay! don't get out just yet. We must let a little gas out, or the balloon would shoot up when relieved of the weight of a person. There, now, she is getting faint from loss of gas (for the valve is being kept wide open), and so now you can step on to *terra firma* once again. How confined it all does seem! No view—nothing visible except trees close around; one cannot see the village, the railway, or anything! One longs just to rise again, if only to see the way; but already the balloon is being rolled up and packed away into its car, to be borne off like a dead thing to the station and taken home.

B. BADEN POWELL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
A CONVENT PRISON.

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment meted out to her is not so

much justice seasoned with mercy, as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports she is an "erring sister"—one who has, it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily.

The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of either crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and, on these occasions, be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keeping of the superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and provides them with instruction and occupation; and the government gives her for what she does thirty-five kreuzers a day (about sevenpence) for each prisoner under her care. So long as these women are in the convent the full responsibility for their safe keeping and general well-being rests on the superior; and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There are, it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do, and the punishments that may be inflicted on them; but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with her freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain; and there are not half-a-dozen women in Europe to-day who have so much power for the weal or woe of their fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place—a government inspector—is little more than her *aide-de-camp*; and as for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was

a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the Church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The doorkeeper is a pretty little nun whom a strong woman could easily seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry. If you ask to see the mother superior, however, she shakes her head decidedly; for the superior is a personage of too much importance to waste her time on chance visitors. It was with the utmost difficulty, the other day, that the sister could be persuaded even to take her a message. And when she returned with the news that the superior would receive us, her manner implied clearly that there was reason for much gratitude on our part.

The superior is a handsome old lady with keen, penetrating eyes, a firm mouth, and an expression that is at once kindly and—oddly enough, considering she is a nun—humorous. She has a gentle courtesy of manner that is singularly attractive; she has, too, that most excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. Judging by the stately grace with which she wears her long cream-white robes, her early days were more probably passed at the Hofburg than in a convent. The fact of her being a great lady, however, does not prevent her being a clear-headed business woman. She has at her finger-ends all the details of the working of the institution under her control; and not a spoon is moved there without her knowing the whys and wherefores of its moving. She is evidently heart and soul in her work, and keenly interested in everything that concerns her charges. She knows all the circumstances of their cases, and deals with each of them individually, bringing good influences to bear on them, appeal-

ing to their feelings, and trying to arouse in them a sense of self-respect. It is on their account, not her own, that she objects to visitors; for to turn them into a raree show, she maintains, is not only painful for them, but demoralizing in the highest degree. Although we went provided with all sorts of introductions, official and otherwise, it was only after much heart-searching that she allowed us to pass through the great iron door which separates the part of the convent where the prisoners live from the rest of the building.

Even here there is nothing gloomy or prison-like about the place; and, beyond the fact of the door being kept locked, nothing to indicate that they who live there are subject to any special restraint. The beautiful old stone staircase was flooded with sunshine that morning; and there was a smile on the faces of half the women we passed there. The superior led the way into a large cheerful-looking room, in which some fifty women were sitting working. Perhaps half-a-dozen of them were making matchboxes or buttons; and the others were doing fine needlework, beautiful embroidery, lace and wool work, under the guidance of a sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong, sphinx-like face, was sitting at the further end of the room, on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time, disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us, in the most cheery fashion, with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the superior.

It would be hard to find a more prosperous-looking set of women than

these convent prisoners; to see them one would never dream that they were supposed to be undergoing punishment. They are perfect models of cleanliness and order, their hair is carefully dressed, their cotton gowns are quite spotless, and so are the bright-colored fichus they all wear. Physically, they seem to be just about up to the average; but intellectually, so far as an outsider can judge, they are considerably either above or below the great mass of their fellows. Some of the faces are almost idiotic in their stupidity; others are quite startlingly clever—keen, sharp, and sagacious. Although a few of the prisoners looked depressed or sullen, the great majority seemed not only contented but happy, happier by far than half the working women one comes across in the outside world. There was a touch of something quite pathetic in the expression of more than one who were there; it was as if they had at length found rest and peace after much sore tossing, and were grateful. With some few exceptions, the women were evidently delighted to see us; and little wonder either, for it is not every day that they have the chance of talking to a stranger, or to each other either, for that matter, excepting during the recreation hours. There was quite a ring of pleasure in their voices as they answered our questions, mere inquiries for the most part with regard to what they were doing. They all seemed to take great pride in their work; one woman stroked an exquisite piece of lace she was making as if she positively loved it.

These women were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good-humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We had never a doubt but that their offences were of the most trivial nature, and we said so. The superior gave us one of her odd, humorous smiles.

"Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider."

That insignificant-looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle, deprecative smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place one would have set her down at once as the hard-working wife of a struggling curate, so thoroughly respectable did she look. And she is Marie Schneider, a European celebrity with more murders on her conscience than she has fingers on her hands!

"And you let her stay here?"

"We have nowhere else to put her," the inspector, who had joined us, replied; "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate-looking girl with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low, cooing voice, and a singularly sweet, innocent expression.

"What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered.

"Done," the inspector replied grimly; "set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children."

The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears; for, although we were standing at some distance away, she heard what he said, and she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life. It was absolutely diabolic; had there been a knife within reach the man would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile an angel might have envied.

Several of the prisoners are in the convent for killing their own children; some for killing, or trying to kill, their husbands; others for stealing or embezzling; others, again, for no more serious crime than begging. There are all degrees of guilt there, in fact, and all ages, from girls of sixteen to women of nearly eighty. And they all live together on terms of perfect equality; for there are no distinctions of rank there—no one is better or worse than her neighbor. When the convent door closes behind them they have done, for

the time being, not only with the outside world, but with their own past. They start life afresh, as it were.

We went from room to room, into the great dormitories with their long rows of snowy white beds; into the kitchen, with its gleaming saucepans and quaint old crockery. Here we both saw and tasted the dinner which was being served for the prisoners. And a very good dinner it was—so good, indeed, as to shock our sense of justice. These criminals had three courses for their meal: soup, beef with cabbage, and pudding, all well cooked and nicely seasoned; and there were, as we well knew, hundreds of hard-working men and women in Vienna that day who must dine on bread and cabbage, and none too much of that. The prisoners are allowed, too, to add to the meals provided for them by buying for themselves little luxuries—cups of coffee, diminutive glasses of wine, etc. They must, of course, earn the money to pay for these things before they can have them; but that is easily done, providing they be deft and diligent. They are obliged to do a certain amount of work every day, and the money for which this is sold is the property of the superior, or rather of the community to which she belongs. For anything however, that they choose to do over and above their allotted task they receive payment according to a fixed scale. Half the money they earn is given to them at the end of each week; and the other half accumulates until they have completed their sentence. As some of the women can make as much as five or six gulden a week, they have often quite a tidy little sum in hand wherewith to start on a new career when the time comes for them to leave the convent.

The superior mentioned a curious fact in connection with the prison commissariat. In her time she has had persons of all ranks under her care; she has had countesses, baronesses, the wives of rich bourgeois, delicate ladies who have passed their lives in the midst of the greatest luxury; she has had, too, the very poorest of the poor,

tramps and vagabonds, those who from their earliest days have had to carry on a hand-to-hand fight against starvation. From the former class she has never had a single complaint with regard to the food she provides; they have eaten whatever was set before them, and seemed thankful. From the latter class, however, she has had grumbling without end; yet all fare alike in the convent. It is always they who have been accustomed to the scantiest and coarsest rations, she maintains, who cavil most when in prison at the quality of their food.

The wing of the building that is set aside as a hospital is quite charming. It is in the sunniest part of the house, and every room is a perfect picture of cheerfulness and comfort. There are brightly colored pictures on the walls, and vases of beautiful flowers on the tables. Everything that smacks of gloom has been carefully banished; and even the sisters who act as nurses seem to have been specially chosen for their task on account of their gift of looking only on the bright side of life. The way they beam down on their patients is enough in itself to cure the sorriest of dyspeptics. They have all sorts of cunning devices for raising pillows and straightening beds without disturbing those who lie on them; devices, too, and very ingenious ones, for driving away pain and soothing to sleep restless sufferers. If the patients under their care were archduchesses, instead of criminals, they could not be more skillfully handled or carefully waited upon. And the prisoners are evidently conscious of their good luck; their faces quite lighted up with affection and gratitude that day, when they caught sight of the superior. One woman, however, answered a chance remark with a passionate burst of tears. She was going to die, she said, between her sobs; she knew she was, and she wished to live. The superior and the sisters lavished tenderness on her, and strove to comfort her, but it was all in vain. When we were right down the corridor we could still hear her piteous cry, "*Ich will nicht sterben.*" Yet one might

have thought that she would have been rather glad than otherwise that the end should be so near; for her only chance of passing out of that prison door was in a coffin.

From the hospital we went to the chapel, and a very beautiful chapel it is, graceful in form and gorgeous in coloring. There are fine pictures on the walls, and exquisite flowers on the altar; the Empress Elizabeth herself, indeed, has not a more perfect shrine at which to worship than these guilt-laden prisoners. There is a beautiful organ, too, and everything that can be done is done to render the services attractive and impressive. The result is that the women, many of whom are abnormally emotional, delight in going to church. The beauty of the surroundings there seems to touch certain subtle chords in their nature, arousing memories in some, in others exciting hopes. They throw themselves heart and soul into the singing, and listen to the exhortations with rapt attention. Many of them—and they the wildest and most desperate as a rule—fall under the influence of religious enthusiasm, a fact which contributes not a little to the maintenance of discipline in the prison.

In the chapel, strange to say, is to be found the one outward and visible sign there is in the convent that they who go there belong to the dangerous class. The chancel is separated from the nave—the only part of the building to which the prisoners are admitted—by a strong iron grating. The superior seemed to think that this was a very necessary precaution, as otherwise a woman, in one of those paroxysms of rage to which some of them are subject, might attack the officiating clergy. She looked infinitely amused, however, when, remembering the golden-haired girl, I suggested that she and the sisters stood more in need of protection than the priests. There are only thirty-three of them in the convent—the inspector lives outside—and there are always more than a hundred prisoners, who all go about the house without let or hindrance. Those sisters in the work-

room are shut up with their charges, quite beyond the reach of aid, for the hour together. What could they do, two against fifty, if they were attacked? The superior admitted that, if the prisoners revolted *en masse*, it would go ill with her and her companions; but such a thing never had occurred, and she is perfectly convinced that it never will. It is only the new arrivals who give trouble, she says, and they soon fall under the influences that are brought to bear on them.

The way the sisters manage their charges is quite wonderful, the inspector told me later. "Yes, they look quiet and good-humored enough now," he said, "but you should see them when they arrive. Some of them are more like wild animals than human beings. I would rather have ten men to deal with any day than one woman, and I have had a wide experience. Women, when they go wrong, are so violent and unreasonable—so tricky, too; one never knows what they will be up to next."

Among these nuns the management of prisoners is become quite a science. They always keep a woman under strict surveillance during the first few days of her stay in the convent, and make a special study of her character, with a view to finding out how she can be most easily influenced. Some of the prisoners are treated with a certain amount of severity—are confined in cells and fed on bread and water when they set rules at defiance; but even in their case the discipline enforced is not harsher than that to which many a delicate lady, in a Carmelite convent, submits voluntarily. With others the sisters reason; with others, again, and they the great majority, they try persuasion. They lavish sympathy, however, on them all—on the worst as on the best, and herein lies, perhaps, the secret of their success. These women, even the most violent of them, are often at heart sorely battered and cast down when they are handed over to the nuns; and a kindly greeting, a few friendly words, at such a moment have a wonderfully humanizing effect.

A few years ago one of the prisoners

held the sisters completely at bay for some days. She was obdurate alike to threats and persuasions, punishments and rewards. She would neither work nor eat, but passed her time just tearing her hair and hurling curses around. So violent was she that no one could approach her without danger. At length, when the sisters were quite at their wits' end, one of them asked her if she had no relative or friend of whom she cared to have news. The woman gasped for breath for a moment, with a look of wild astonishment in her eyes, as if she could hardly believe her ears. She sprang to her feet, however, in a perfect ecstasy of delight and gratitude, when the sister followed up her inquiry by volunteering to write for her and obtain any information she wished. From that moment there was not a more tractable or better behaved woman in the convent. She had, it seems, left five little children behind her when sent to prison; and was just eating out her heart with the fear (a groundless one, as it proved) lest they were starving.

There is much in this convent prison, it must be confessed, that jars upon our English sense of what is right and seemly; we had a sort of feeling while there that many of these women were not being severely enough dealt with; that they were not rendering tooth for tooth, eye for eye, in the proper orthodox fashion. Much righteous indignation was engendered by the spectacle of criminals—murderesses, even, and incendiaries—being so well fed and treated so kindly. Then the general clubbing together of all ages and all degrees of guilt, that is the order of the day there, is contrary to all our ideas of justice. The place is organized on a radically wrong system, in fact; and should any of our prison reformers ever pay it a visit, they will without doubt thenceforth hold it up as a perfect model of what such an institution should not be. Still—these things are beyond all comprehension—it cannot be denied that they who are sent to Neudorf are, as a rule, better women—more moral, more human, and more

industrious—when they leave than when they enter. Of our own prisons it has been said, with scant justice, perhaps, that if by chance an honest man goes in, he is a rogue when he comes out.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
THE PAST AND THE FUTURE OF
GIBRALTAR.

Some places seem designed by nature to act as conductors attracting the currents of electricity with which the political world is charged, and of these the Rock of Gibraltar is, I think, one of the most remarkable.

Whether we look at its war record, which shows no less than fourteen sieges crowded together in the comparatively short period of four hundred and seventy years, or turn to the diplomatic history of Europe, in which we find the place continually a subject of discussion between statesmen, or study the pages of such historians as Mahan, where Gibraltar is constantly used to "point a moral or adorn a tale," we find the Rock, rising spire-like from the ocean, continually playing an important part, the centre of an attraction by no means local only, but exercising a wide-spreading influence upon the conduct of wars and the destinies of nations.

This prominence is the more remarkable seeing that less than twelve hundred years ago the Rock of Calpe was almost unknown and quite uninhabited, save perhaps by some solitary watcher on its summit, some tender of a beacon fire which in still earlier days served to warn the neighboring city of Cartela of the approach of Phœnician, Carthaginian, or Roman galleys.

Until the "discovery," so to speak, of the place by Tarik, the first Moorish invader of Spain in the year 711 A.D., the Rock was in the happy position of having no history, save such as legend attributed to it in connection with the name of Hercules, one of whose pillars, guarding the western entrance to the Mediterranean, it was held to be.

The coming of the Moors to Spain,

however, changed all this, and since then Gibraltar history has made up in variety and excitement for what it lacks in duration.

The reasons of its want of importance in earlier years, and of its prominence in later ones, are not, I think, far to seek.

The Rock of Gibraltar serves a double purpose; it acts as a stepping-stone between two continents and as a lock gate between two seas, and as such it has been subject to two distinct movements or human currents, the one passing north and south from Africa to Europe or *vice versa*, and the other flowing east and west from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean or from that inland sea outwards to the greater ocean.

In early days both currents were still, for until the Moors entered Spain no great invasion of Europe from Africa or of Africa from Europe had been made here, and no base or foothold had, therefore, been required on the southern shores of Spain until Tarik, with a soldier's eye—literally "eye," for he is said to have had but one—perceived the value of the Rock as a secure base for the Moorish operations.

As to the movement east or west through the Straits, it was equally infrequent, being for many years confined to the Phœnicians—the first of the sea powers of the world—who found, moreover, a celebrated and populous seaport town on the shores of the bay within four or five miles of the Rock.

With Carteia—the ruins of whose wharves were visible comparatively recently—holding her own as a seaport town of the first magnitude at the mouth of the Guadarranque River, there was no room for a rival in the bay, and the comparatively barren and inaccessible Rock offered no advantages as a harbor which were not more strongly possessed by Carteia, said by some to be the Tharshish from which Solomon's fleets sailed once in three years with gold and silver, ivory, peacocks' feathers, and apes.

But the advent of the warlike Moors introduced a new era. Carteia was in

ruins, and even had she still been standing her open position would not have given the invaders what the Rock offered them, a stronghold fortified by nature to which their ships might come from Africa, and whence their armies might issue for the invasion and conquest of Andalusia and the further provinces of that rich country over which for nigh eight stirring centuries the Saracen was to reign.

Their first care was to build upon the northern extremity of the Rock a strong fortress or castle—parts of which still remain intact—which should not only serve as a citadel to which to retreat in times of distress, but should also enclose a landing-place or port where came in turn the Almoravides, the Almohades, the Beni-Marines, and the other smaller tribes which furnished fresh Moorish dynasties for Spain and pressed ever forward the waves of invasion and conquest. It is a somewhat curious fact that over the battlements of this fortress, before whose walls so much blood was afterwards shed, should have been inscribed by its builder the following pacific legend: "To the God that pacifies, and of Peace; and to the God that lasts forever."

To Tarik the Moor Gibraltar owes not only its modern name (derived from Gebel Tarik, or Tarik's Mountain), but the nucleus of its fortifications and its harbor. He found it a barren, uninhabited rock; he first made it a great naval and military fortress, whose fame has not, perhaps, been eclipsed by any other in the world.

The history of this famous place, thus created, may be divided into two distinct periods, corresponding with the two movements north and south or east and west of which I have spoken.

The former period is, in some ways, the more romantic and attractive, since it deals with Gibraltar under Moorish rule, a period of history at once fascinating and wonderful; but it is naturally the later period that has most interest for us, and contains the more important lessons for the statesman, the soldier, and the sailor.

In the first period Gibraltar was

strictly a base for operations on land; for, although its position on the sea gave it its importance to an invader who came across the water, it was as a military rather than a naval base that the Moors held it so tenaciously, and it derived its value rather from its natural strength than from its strategic position. Tarifa, Algeciras, or Malaga would have been equally valuable as a base had they been equally strong.

For several centuries after the Moorish invasion the din of battle sounded far from the Rock, but as Spain became split up into separate Moorish provinces, and internal dissensions arose, the power of the original inhabitants began to revive, and the Spaniards, ruled by enlightened princes and led by chivalrous commanders, gradually pressed back the Moor, and carried war and defeat right down to the southern coast, until even Gibraltar felt the reaction.

It was in 1309 that it suffered its first siege, and fell at the first attempt. The Moors made a feeble attempt to regain it in 1315, and a more determined and successful one in 1333. Their first act on this occasion was to seize the port and harbor, and then they proceeded to starve out the hemmed-in garrison, in spite of the efforts of the Spanish admiral, who strove unsuccessfully to throw supplies into the fortress. Thus early was Gibraltar to learn her dependence upon the sea.

It is not necessary to follow the history of these early sieges, which ended in 1462 with the eighth assault, when the Moors finally lost the Rock. We may add to them two more sieges undertaken by the powerful house of Medina Sidonia, which claimed Gibraltar for its own; but after 1504 a period of comparative peace set in, broken only by such minor events as a descent on the place in 1540 by two lieutenants of the famous Barbary corsair, Hayraddin Barbarossa. This incursion had the effect of calling attention to the defenceless state of the place, and certain works were then constructed on the advice of two experts, the Italian

engineers Juan Batista Calvi and Frattino.

The former was the originator of what is known as "Charles the Fifth's Wall," which runs up the western side of the Rock; while to Frattino we owe the original works now known as Jumper's, South, and King's Bastions; and thus during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Gibraltar prepared herself for the second period of her history, which, opening with the war of the Spanish succession at the commencement of the eighteenth century, has continued to the present time, and will probably only end when the Rock ceases to belong to a first-class naval power. The capture of Gibraltar by Rooke in 1704, although an event of the greatest importance, contains no special lesson, because of the defenceless state in which the place was left for want of an adequate garrison. The available troops did not exceed two or three hundred in number, and, although they were supplemented by a few hundred more—"men with muskets," to use an expressive phrase—their resistance could not hope to effect much against the attack of the combined English and Dutch fleets, the English portion of which alone comprised forty-five battle ships and six frigates, together with fire ships, bomb vessels, etc. After a cannonade of six hours, during which fifteen thousand shot were thrown, it is said, into the place, a landing was effected at the New Mole, and the place fell.

It is curious that the capture of this important fortress does not appear to have been expressly ordered from home, or to have been originally contemplated by Rooke, who only determined upon the attempt after a futile effort at Barcelona, moved apparently by the desire not to return to England without having accomplished something. The council of war at which it was determined to attack Gibraltar was held off Tetuan only six days before the place fell, and the reasons given for its assault were, first, because it was so indifferently garrisoned as to give every chance of success; second, because its

possession would be of great value during the then war; third, because the capture would add a lustre to the queen's arms, and probably dispose the Spaniards in favor of the Archduke Charles.

In fact, the circumstances of the moment were alone regarded, and the great value of Gibraltar to the British Empire was overlooked.

Had the attempt at Barcelona succeeded, possibly none might have been made upon Gibraltar. And this indifference to the value of the place was not confined to us; it extended to our allies, who originally hoisted the imperial standard on the Rock—but a few days later allowed Rooke to substitute the English flag—and to our enemy, who left a quite inadequate force in an important fortress, with an opposing fleet in the neighborhood, a fleet which indeed had passed the Straits on its way to Barcelona only a few weeks before.

The importance of the place to us had, however, been foreseen nearly half a century before by that clear-headed British ruler Oliver Cromwell, who, in writing in 1656 from Whitehall to "Generals Blake and Montague at sea," after discussing the chances of an attack upon Cadiz, suggested "whether any other place be attemptable; especially that of the town and castle of Gibraltar, which if possessed and made tenable by us it would be an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet upon that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniards more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charge."

The value of Gibraltar as a naval base was clearly appreciated by the great Protector, and it is scarcely less surprising to find him in this rôle than it is to discover an advocate for its surrender to Spain in the elder Pitt. Writing in 1757, almost exactly one hundred years after Cromwell, and dating, like him, from Whitehall, Pitt recommends treating with Spain for an exchange of Gibraltar for Minorca. Curiously enough, Spain refused this

offer, as she had previously refused a similar one.

It is only fair to add that in after years the Earl of Chatham differed from the William Pitt of twenty years before and spoke of Gibraltar as being "the best proof of our naval power, and the only solid check on that of the house of Bourbon.

The value of the place to us was not at once so apparent as it became in later years, and it is, no doubt, for this reason that it was so continually the subject of negotiation between us and Spain. During the first half of the last century the chief aim of British foreign policy seems to have been the separation of France and Spain, and the cession to the latter of Gibraltar was, of course, a powerful bribe for so proud and susceptible a nation. The only wonder is that it was so consistently refused. The history of those years is a continual intrigue, a game of political chess, in which Gibraltar represented merely a pawn, to be sacrificed, if necessary, in the interests of the general combination.

Her naval and military as apart from her political value was still to be recognized, and this recognition came with the great maritime wars of the last half of the eighteenth century.

The great siege of Gibraltar which, commencing in July, 1779, lasted till March, 1783, holds for us one or two obvious lessons.

The extraordinary efforts to reduce the place, and the large force brought against it (there were thirty thousand French and Spanish troops before it in September, 1782, besides a large combined fleet and several hundred cannon), stand out in remarkable contrast with the small garrison, which at no time much exceeded seven thousand men. We ask ourselves whether this stubborn, lengthy, and successful defence was due entirely to the natural and artificial strength of the place, and we are at once convinced that such is not the case. Gibraltar is strong indeed, but she could not have stood out for three and a half years had England not been mistress of the seas, capable of

pouring provisions, munitions, and reinforcements into the fortress. Few events are more striking than the relief of the place by Howe in October, 1782, when the convoy in his charge drove past the place into the Mediterranean and was followed by the enemy's fleet from the bay, which thus placed itself between the Rock and the relieving fleet, but nevertheless completely failed to prevent the relief.

"On the 19th," says Mahan, "the English fleet repassed the Straits with an easterly wind, having within a week's time fulfilled its mission, and made Gibraltar safe for another year."

Thus the power which would preserve its naval bases outside its home shores—however individually strong these bases may be—must command the sea.

The Spaniards and French undoubtedly made a mistake when they spent so much time and money, so many efforts and men upon the reduction of Gibraltar. They would have been more likely to accomplish their purpose, as Mahan points out, had they sought to capture Gibraltar on the shores of England; had they watched our home ports and prevented the outgoing of our fleets. As it was, Gibraltar, although a burden to us in the great struggle, played a very important part in absorbing so much energy and such numbers of the enemy for so considerable a time.

To recount in detail all the occasions on which she proved of value to England in those stirring times would occupy far too much space. Those who read Mahan's glowing pages will find them fully set forth, and should be able to clearly recognize the importance of this naval base at the salient of southwestern Europe, and at the entrance to that famous sea upon the shores of which so much of the world's drama has been played out; which forms the most important stage in our East Indian route and the most frequented channel of our splendid commerce.

"What a lion in the path was Gibraltar to the French squadrons of Toulon and Brest," says Mahan (The

Influence of Sea Power upon History), and proceeds to point out the value and importance of naval bases not too sparsely placed along our great trade routes, an importance which, as he justly observes, is all the greater since the introduction of steam.

If we want an instance of this we find one among many in 1759, when Boscawen, after an attack upon the French frigates in Toulon roads, sailed to refit at Gibraltar, and was presently followed by the French commodore with twelve ships of the line, who, being sighted by one of our lookout ships near the Straits, was pursued into the Atlantic by our fleet and defeated, with the result that the invasion of England which was to have taken place when the Toulon fleet joined the other French vessels had to be abandoned. From this point of view, then, Gibraltar, in place of being a source of weakness to England, becomes one of her chief bulwarks, by which the mother country may be secured from invasion.

In spite of certain contrary opinions which have lately made themselves heard, it is surely unnecessary at this time to argue the necessity of controlling the Mediterranean, or to point out the value of Gibraltar for this purpose. As a naval base, enabling our ships in time of war to perform their chief duties of keeping the sea, meeting the enemy's fleets upon it, or watching for them outside their ports, Gibraltar must, from its geographical position, be of primary importance; and when we reflect that it not only assists this, but guards the entrance through which the separate parts of the Spanish and French fleets must pass in order to unite, its value increases to such an extent as to place it second to no other place for purposes of naval strategy.

"The problem of watching the enemy's ports is much simplified if the blockading fleet can find a convenient anchorage on the flank of the route the enemy must take." (Mahan.) Such an anchorage Gibraltar affords, not only on the flank, but absolutely in the path of an enemy's fleet.

There is often a good deal of talk of

Gibraltar guarding the Straits by its fortress and its guns. It is not as a fortress capable of long-range fire that the Rock ever has had, or ever will have, the power of guarding its Straits, but as a convenient and close base for a fleet, as a place from which even Cromwell's "six nimble frigates" can command that great entry, and which forms with its bay the true antechamber of the Mediterranean.

"Gibraltar," says Mahan, "by its position effectually watched over detachments or reinforcements from within the Straits, provided it were utilized as the station of a body of ships adequate to the duty." He proceeds to point out that this was not done in the war he is reviewing—that of 1778—and remarks that the British European fleet was kept tied to the Channel by the necessities of home defence, making infrequent visits to the Rock to convey supplies essential to the endurance of the garrison.

It may, perhaps, be argued from this that Gibraltar is for this reason a source of weakness to us, as requiring support and reinforcement which can only come by sea, and which must divert our navy from its first duty of seeking the enemy's fleet; but if we follow out this argument to its logical conclusion we arrive at the conviction that all possessions are a source of weakness, that our colonies add to our points of possible attack, and that to be truly safe it would be better that England herself should be an undeveloped island without wealth of any kind to tempt foreign aggression. Such reasoning is logically correct, and to be quite secure from attack England should cease to exist, on the principle that a dead man alone is impervious to illness or accident. But, fortunately, we have not yet got to that state of mind at which such an argument holds any attractions for most British subjects.

The whole matter lies, in fact, in a circle. The greatness of England is to be found in her wealth, her colonial expansion, her great and varied commerce. To maintain that commerce

and those colonial possessions we must have, first, a navy sufficiently strong to make our power felt, if necessary; and, secondly, such bases, fortified and secure, as that navy may require in fulfilling its task of guarding both commerce and possessions throughout the world.

Fail to provide such a navy and such bases, and we expose our commerce and our colonies to destruction and annihilation, and with them will go our power and a great part of our wealth, and England will sink to the level of a second or third rate power. If it is desired that we should so sink, by all means let us give up our colonies, abandon our commerce, reduce our wealth, but as long as we do not decide upon this pusillanimous policy we must maintain a great and necessarily a comparatively expensive navy, with sufficient fortified bases and harbors to enable it efficiently to keep the seas.

Such being, then, our policy, we may search the world over without finding a more important naval station than Gibraltar. Its geographical and strategical position make this perfectly evident to any one—whether sailor, soldier, or civilian—who glances at a map and can seize the merest rudiments of military operations. Its importance is emphasized, as I have said, by the modern development of steamships, which, unlike the sailing ships of old, do not find their motive power in the winds of heaven, but carry it with them in the more certain but more perishable shape of coal.

A naval base, then, should serve two purposes: it should contain stores of coal, food, munitions of war, etc., and it should also possess the means of repair after disasters caused by the ocean's storms or an enemy's attack. It must be, in fact, both a store-house and a hospital. How does Gibraltar, whose strategical value is so great, fulfil these two requirements?

The answer, I fear, is not altogether reassuring. It has been in our possession for nearly two hundred years, but in all that time has possessed no dock, and is, therefore, of little use as a

hospital; and has but such coaling facilities as are to be obtained from hulks lying in an open bay, or from a very limited amount of exposed wharf accommodation, and is, therefore, very inadequate as a storehouse.

✓ It is, indeed, a magnificent and world-renowned fortress, wonderfully strong by nature and improved by every device of the engineer's art, but as a fortress alone it is useless—even worse, for it locks up within its walls troops that might be usefully employed elsewhere.

¶ The fortress of Gibraltar should exist solely and entirely as a protection for a naval base there, for it has no other use for us; it neither guards a frontier nor forms a base for operations on land, and, therefore, as a military fortress it is of no use to England either from an offensive or defensive point of view.

¶ When Great Britain ceases to be a first-class naval and colonial power she may give up Gibraltar with a light heart, for it will have ceased to possess any value for her; it will be merely a useless incumbrance whose retention will then be due solely to sentiment. It seems to have taken many years to really understand the true value of Gibraltar and her right place in the scheme of the empire, and such appreciation appears to be chiefly due to one who, although he speaks our language and comes originally of our stock, is not an Englishman.

Captain Mahan's admirable works have produced a great and well-merited impression in this country, and if among other results achieved by them is in some measure to be attributed the expenditure on the Gibraltar dock and coaling harbor, now resolved upon, this will not by any means be the least of their achievements.

The government proposals for the improvement of the place are briefly as follows:—

First, the excavation of a dry dock on the site of the New Mole Parade, an open space on the west side of the Rock levelled and constructed by the Spaniards in 1620.

Second, the enclosure of a considerable

water space, comprising some two hundred and sixty acres at the five-fathom depth. This is to be accomplished by prolonging the existing mole—now about twenty-one hundred feet long—to a total length of thirty-seven hundred feet, and by constructing in prolongation a detached mole thirty-two hundred feet in length, separated from the extended mole by a space of six hundred feet.

The northern end of the harbor thus formed is to be closed by dolphins and booms, or by a commercial mole and coaling pier to be built by the colony. The extension of the present mole is estimated to cost £85,000, and is already in hand; the detached mole, £700,000; and the dolphins, booms, etc., £50,000. The excavations for the dock are now proceeding.¹

This is by no means the first time that such improvements to the harbor of Gibraltar have been suggested, and as long ago as the year 1752 a certain Mr. Sub-Director Montessor was sent out from England to report upon the defences of the place. His report, which is now in the King's Library at the British Museum and of which a copy lies before me, contains certain recommendations as to the anchorage. Among other things he recommends a "Proposed Wharf and Bason, made by a circular mole run from the Eight-Gun Battery" (now known as Jumper's) "to within five hundred and sixty feet of the Mole Head, to be the entrance where a chain is to cross it;" and he continues, "This mole embraces and secures part of this Bay in an ovalick Form, and can contain a Squadron of Ships in the greatest Security, where all their conveniencys are for Heaving down, and careening a number at a time, as all their Storehouses are built on this proposed Wharf, so contiguous, and out of all manner of Dangers from an Enemy."

The creation of a dock is in itself a very great stride in advance; into the question of its size, or whether more

¹ Statement on Naval estimates, 1895-96, *Times*, March 7, 1895, and speech of Mr. E. Robertson on Naval Estimates, 1895-96, *Times*, March 13, 1895.

than one dock is necessary, not being a naval expert, I cannot enter; but even one dock is better than none, and perhaps others may follow. The enclosing of a large water space where our vessels may lie secure from the insidious attacks of torpedo boats is another great advantage; and perhaps the means of coaling at all hours, in all weathers, within or alongside the extended mole or moles may be the greatest boon of the three.

A ship of war must have coal, which is her very breath of life, and until secure and sufficient coaling facilities are afforded at Gibraltar the place falls to satisfy the very first requirements of a naval base.

There is, of course, another point of view from which I have not considered Gibraltar—that of a commercial port—which is naturally of less importance than the other, but is, I think, second only to that other.

If our place among nations is due, as seems to be generally acknowledged, to our supremacy in commerce, in wealth, trade, and colonizing activity, Gibraltar as a colony and a commercial centre comes second only to Gibraltar as a naval and strategic base. Had she no commerce she would indeed still be valuable to us, even were her sides as bare of houses as when the Moors first landed on her and her port as restricted as in their early days; but possessing, as she does, an extensive commerce, carrying on a flourishing trade, and acquiring for herself and the empire a considerable amount of wealth, she unites the domestic with the military, if I may so put it, and is commercially as well as strategically valuable.

The government scheme for the closing of the northern end of the enclosed harbor is, as I have mentioned, by means of dolphins and booms; but a more secure and advantageous method would, undoubtedly, be by the construction of a commercial mole, as distinguished from an Admiralty mole, alongside of which mercantile vessels could obtain the coal they now receive from hulks lying in the open bay. Such a scheme has been proposed by Major

Pilkington, the Admiralty director of works, and has been laid before the authorities at Gibraltar and the Colonial Office.¹

He proposes that at one thousand feet from the northern end of the detached mole should be constructed a commercial mole, running parallel to the shore in the five-fathom line for a distance of about fifteen hundred feet, joined to the Rock by a coaling pier, which should start from a point on the North Front just outside the present Bayside Barrier. The estimated cost is 550,000*l*.

I understand that the chief objection to this scheme among Gibraltar merchants is the arrangement by which it is proposed that ships should not coal alongside this commercial mole and pier but should lie outside of it, and be coaled by means of lighters. It is said that this would not lessen but increase the cost of coaling, and thus give a further blow to the trade of Gibraltar, which is admittedly less flourishing than it was a few years ago.

The Gibraltar Chamber of Commerce, in reporting adversely on this scheme, stated, "In the opinion of this Chamber no scheme for the improvement of this port would meet the requirements of the coaling trade that did not provide for the coaling of steamers in smooth water alongside a wharf or jetties."

In consequence of the unfavorable reception accorded to Major Pilkington's proposals a fresh scheme has recently been suggested, which, I understand, meets with the approval both of the Colonial Office and of the Gibraltar merchants.

It also takes the form of a pier, starting from the shore at the Waterport, passing to the north of the Old Mole head, and running in a generally westerly direction for some three-quarters of a mile to about where a well-known coaling hulk—the Three Brothers—now lies. At right angles to this pier it is proposed to construct a mole some fifteen hundred feet in length, five hundred feet lying to the north, and one thousand feet to the

¹ See speech of Mr. E. Robertson.

south of the main pier, along the southern side of which five shorter piers are to be built, alongside of which and of the main pier steamers would coal, thus avoiding the use of lighters.

The coal would be stored along the centre of the pier, and on either side of it would run a double line of rails—one for passengers, the other for coal. The area enclosed at the shore end by this projected pier and the existing Old Mole and Waterport Wharf would be reclaimed, giving fine wharf accommodation. The estimated cost is about half a million sterling, and I understand that the question of raising this sum is now under consideration.

Thus provided Gibraltar would have before her a new future, naval and commercial, and the important strategic part she would play is most evident.

Most fortresses are purely defensive works, capable, however, of acting on the offensive provided their garrisons have the power of issuing from them and—based on the fortress—carrying the war into the enemy's territory, and this is equally true of land fortresses and sea fortresses.

A sea fortress or naval base which possesses the means of sheltering, repairing, and supplying a fleet ceases to be a purely defensive work and becomes of greatly increased importance. Its ships—enabled to hold the sea, to come and go at will—become an active force all the more free to assume a bold offensive by reason of the secure base in their rear. So long as Gibraltar has no dock, an insecure anchorage, and inferior coaling facilities, a perfect offensive is lost to her.

She becomes a mere defensive work whose strength lies solely in her fortifications and her guns, incapable of action beyond their extreme range.

But fit her as a naval base and provide her with a fleet, and she loses her defensive attitude. In years to come it is to be hoped that this will be more fully recognized, and that a sea fortress and its fleet may be considered as one, no more separated in interests than the

troops at the base and those at the front of an army in the field.

And of all places fitted to demonstrate this extended rôle of a sea fortress few, if any, can surpass Gibraltar, which holds in many ways an unique position, as is remarked by Mahan when discussing the first of the six principal conditions affecting sea power—that of geographical position.

"The eastern and western French fleets," he says, "have only been able to unite after passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, in attempting which they have often risked and sometimes suffered loss."

Again, "but for the loss of Gibraltar the position of Spain would have been closely analogous to that of England"—that is, for being well placed for controlling one of the great thoroughfares of the world's traffic. "But Gibraltar not only deprived her of the control of the Straits, it also imposed an obstacle to the easy junction of the two divisions of her fleet." As to the importance of the Mediterranean, both as a trade route and as a strategic water-way, history speaks so plainly and so often as to render further demonstration unnecessary. "Circumstances," says Mahan, "have caused the Mediterranean Sea to play a greater part in the history of the world, both in a commercial and a military point of view, than any other sheet of water of the same size. Nation after nation has striven to control it, and the strife still goes on."

I venture to think, and I am well supported by far greater opinions than my own, that so long as Great Britain aspires to play any part in the history of the world she must be foremost in that strife, and no one who has studied the question can fail to see the importance of Gibraltar to any nation who engages in it, most of all to us, the position of whose home shores and whose great Eastern interests demand the retention of some such strong naval post at the entrance to the Mediterranean.

There is another consideration to be taken into account which, I think, is

sometimes overlooked. Were the opposite shore of the Straits in the hands of another first-class naval power there would be two Gibaltars in place of one, two porters at the door of the Mediterranean, each acting in a different interest.

I do not see how it would be possible for the opposite shores of this narrow entry to remain for any length of time in different hands; one or other of the rival guardians must go to the wall.

The day is not, perhaps, far distant when the Morocco coast may cease to be une quantité négligeable in the world's strategical situation, and I am inclined to think that the theatre in which the balance of power in Europe may next be readjusted is that promising country (about which the most remarkable fact is that it should so long have remained a closed book) from which nearly twelve hundred years ago came the man who "invented" Gibraltar.

When that time comes the Rock that stands "his everlasting monument" must inevitably play a prominent part in the question of the day, and once more justify its description as one of the chief conductors of the world's political lightning.

JOHN ADYE.

Major R. A. and Brevet Lt.-Colonel.

From The New Review.

JAMES II. AT SAINT-GERMAINS.

To a royalist Saint-Germains is Mecca. But the footsteps of the prophet are not easily traced. The local photographer asseverated with vehemence that he had been asked for many photographs, but never for one of the king's tomb in the parish church; the chief custodian of the castle glibly relegated Jacques-Deux to the fourteenth century, and hinted at scandals connecting him with Diane de Poitiers, in whose dishonor the courtyard is reputedly shapen like a Gothic D. But James and Jacobitism were so long part and parcel of the town's history, that it needs not the imagination of an

Empress Helena to discover holy crosses there.

The parish registers throw some light upon the composition of the court and its camp-followers, with occasionally a gleam upon the occupations and predilections of Majesty. They are said to be more or less virgin soil to the historian, and certainly provide him with much local color. It is a curious experience to sit day after day for months among the clerks of the Etat Civil, making autographic acquaintance with two generations of Jacobites, and taking in their fortunes—high and low alike—an interest cognate to that inspired by the characters of fiction; noting propinquity of witnesses upon the register as a preliminary to marriage, or mourning for a moment at the burial of the most familiar—say George Middleton, "*apotiquaire du roi d'Angleterre*;" Henry Kirby, the queen's postillion; or Alexander Jackson, *maître à danser*, without whom no function seems to have been complete—or reviving a failing interest by suddenly encountering the name of a hero: Berwick or Lucan writ bold, or the stately signature of James R., sometimes also given as Jacques R. or Jacobus R. Meanwhile, the clerks are discussing intrigues or Paris music halls over their pungent caporal cigarettes; the undertaker's man comes in to ask how many machabés have been registered since yesterday, or a young woman to recognize a natural child in the most natural way imaginable; or Monsieur le Maire passes through for the farce of civil marriage in the next room. Everybody is gay, and the gaiety is somewhat distracting; but the visitor may follow his own humor and copy, trace, or even photograph.

The rendering of the English, and especially the Scottish and Irish names in the registers is often phonetic, sometimes grotesque. McDonell becomes Magdaniel and Madnanel; Bulkeley, Beauclay; Powis, Poix; Berwick, Barvic; Dickson, Dixme; Jennings, Geneing; McCartie, Mécharté; Sheridan, Chérédon; Shafto, Chaveto; Wilky,

Vilkay and even Ouilké. Sometimes the strange entries cause serious inconvenience, and children who have been registered phonetically are encountered again a generation later, going through endless formalities to obtain correct certificates on their marriage. English titles have always been perplexing to foreigners; it is not surprising to find many of them comprehensively rendered by the words *le milord*. The eccentric, old Lord Stafford, who was known at the French court as "Milor Caca," could never refrain from a jest on however solemn an occasion; having to sign the register as godfather to Lord Dumbarton's daughter in June, 1689, he had the assurance to subscribe himself "Le Milord Stafford."

Perhaps the most interesting signature to be found in the registers is that of the Prince of Wales at the age of two years and nine months, when he stood godfather to Francis Edward Joseph, son of "Messire Robert Strickland, Vice-Chambellan de la Reine d'Angleterre." The prince's hand has evidently been held, for the writing of "J. Prince" is exceedingly shaky, and seems to betoken a struggle between the two holders of the pen. Seventeen months later, we find him acting in the like capacity, but instead of his signature comes that of his governess, the Countess of Arroll. The little Princess "Consolatrice" signed "Louise Marie" in a big round hand, between two pencil lines, at the age of six, when she stood godmother to a daughter of "Jean Stafford, Controlleur de la Maison de sa Majesté Britannique." The king's signature first appears on the 12th March, 1692, when he stood godfather to a daughter of "Mr. Charles Moray, chevalier écossais," and of "Madame Anne Dorée, son épouse." In this connection may be noted the curious custom of always describing married women by their maiden names in the registers. Most of them sign their maiden names also, but a certain proportion follow the modern usage. James's queen first signed on the 31st March, 1690, as godmother to a son of Count Charles Molza of Modena. The

names of both sovereigns occur frequently during the remainder of their residence, and on those occasions it is invariably noted that the ceremonies took place in the chapel of the castle. The signature most frequently accompanying the queen's is that of Vittoria Montecuculli, Countess of Almonte, the favorite lady-in-waiting, whose precedence aroused so many controversies at the French court.

Light is thrown in an interesting way upon the tact of Louis XIV. in dealing with James. On the occasion of Princess Louise's christening (23rd August, 1692), a lengthy entry was made, describing the father as "Très haut et Très puissant Monarque, Jacques Stuard, Roy d'Angleterre d'Irlande et d'Escoce," and the godfather as "Très haut Très puissant Très chrestien et toujours victorieux Monarque Louis le Grand quatorzième de ce nom Roy de France et de Navaria." This distinction evidently did not accord with Louis's notions of what was due to his guest, and at the end of the entry we read: "Cet acte a esté laissé pour en metre un autre qui a esté donné tout fait et dressé par des ordres particuliers et qui a esté mis au fuillet suivant." In the revised entry which follows, and which was actually used, both kings are styled alike: "Très haut, très puissant et très excellent prince." The page with this entry was worth photographing, for it contains the signatures of the king and queen of England, the king of France, Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and Cardinal de Bouillon.

Besides the municipal archives, the various religious and charitable endowments, which have survived the French Revolution, afford evidence of the exiles' long sojourn in the town. The queen founded a charity school, which has now passed into the hands of the Frères de la Doctrine Chrétienne; she established a branch of the Institution des Dames Hospitalières de Saint Thomas de Villeneuve for the education of the daughters of Jacobite exiles. This school was continued till 1790, when it was broken up by the Revolu-

tion. The institution now survives as an ordinary convent. Upon a wall at the entrance to the cemetery of Saint-Germains is a long list of benefactors, among whom James's queen figures conspicuously, as well as James himself. But the most surprising survival of Jacobitism is assuredly the "Loge maçonnique de la Bonne Foi, placée sous l'obédience du Grand Orient de France." It is recorded in the *Almanach-Annuaire de Saint-Germain-en-Laye* for 1858, that Freemasonry was introduced into France by the Irish followers of King James, and that the first lodge was established at the Castle of Saint-Germains during his residence there, spreading thence all over France, Germany, and Italy. This is a theory unlikely to commend itself to those who look upon Freemasonry as the arch-enemy of kings and gods, nor is it corroborated by the registers of the "Loge de la Bonne Foi," which go no further back than 1743. The subject is not unnaturally involved in considerable obscurity, but there is no antecedent improbability to interfere with the theory. The first papal condemnation of Freemasonry is to be found in the bull of Clement XII., in 1738, and that was of local application merely, so there was no religious obstacle to the utilization by Roman Catholics of masonic mysteries at the time of the Revolution as modern conspirators have used them for their ends in the course of the present century. Moreover, the origin of Scottish Freemasonry is ascribed to a James Stuart as long ago as 1286, and many of the mystical terms of Freemasonry harmonize excellently with the aspirations of Jacobitism as a militant conspiracy. The masonic rite, Heredom of Kilwinning, for instance, is etymologically connected with *haeres*, the heir; and the degree of the Royal Arch, which concerns itself with the restoration of David's heir, had an obvious significance.

I have seen a pamphlet by a local antiquary, M. Napoleon Laurent, which states that the Bonne Foi Lodge at Saint-Germains directed the whole

Freemasonry of England, that James II. was its Grand-Master, and that its members included the Dukes of Berwick, Perth, and Melfort, Lords Dillon, Derwentwater, and Hamilton. The Earl of Hamilton died at Saint-Germains in 1720 and the Duke of Perth in 1716. Another authority mentions the foundation of a masonic lodge in Paris by Lord Derwentwater and other Jacobite refugees in 1725. There exists also detailed evidence of a visit paid by Gustavus III. of Sweden, to Charles III. at Florence in 1783, on masonic business. Charles was said to possess the loftiest honors and profoundest secrets of Freemasonry; and whether or no any of these were passed on to the visitor, the occasion certainly brought about the foundation of a cordial friendship between the two monarchs.

In the neighborhood of Saint-Germains the traditions of King James's residence have survived at least as distinctly. At Port-Marly one of the principal sights is "James the Second's Room" in a house called "les Lions." Everybody in the village knows of it, though the owner of the house can only show a few old pictures, and has no proof that the room was ever occupied by King James. It is, however, at Triel that the most curious tradition obtains, and despite its sensational complexion it is supported by so great a variety of authority that it cannot be hurriedly dismissed as mere fiction. In the prosecution of my researches I discovered, or perhaps I should say was discovered by, a gentleman possessed of an unusually sanguine temperament and vivid imagination. He told me a long story, in which probabilities and impossibilities ran riot to a surprising degree, and suavely asked me to lend him one hundred thousand francs for his scheme. He evinced a pained surprise when I did not instantly sit down and write him a cheque.

His story may be summarized as follows:—James II. was virtually a prisoner of Louis XIV. at Saint-Germains, and all his actions were spied upon. So he built a subterranean pas-

sage all the way to a house at Triel, where he could spend his time unmolested. On his arrival from England he had brought with him "the crown of Charles I." or "the Scottish crown," containing a brilliant larger than the Regent diamond, a ruby as big as a roc's egg, and other magnificent stones. This crown is valued at fifty million francs and is finer than any other crown in the world. If my informant finds it, he will offer it to the German emperor in exchange for Alsace-Lorraine. In corroboration, he asserts that he has visited the jewels at the Tower of London, and remarked a vacant place, with a label notifying that this crown is missing. During James's exile, he continues, the Scottish Roman Catholic lords were in the habit of sending their best plate, and the Scottish ladies all their jewels; that the king might turn them into money and use them to regain his throne. But James feared that Louis XIV., if he knew of the existence of this treasure, might lay hands upon it. So he had a secret hiding-place prepared at Triel, very deep down, and so ingeniously contrived that none could ever find it without a clue. It was built for him by five English architects, who were immured as soon as the job was completed. This is corroborated by the well-known cruelty of James's character—*vide* Whig historians, *passim*. On his death-bed James gave a paper, containing full instructions for unearthing the treasure, to a French friend, who had never dared make use of them. Why did the king not confide the secret to his family? Well, if he did, the secret perished with Jacques-Trois, who was decapitated in London. In any case, whatever the reason, James left the paper with his French friend, at whose death it was divided into two portions.

One of these found its way into the archives of the Foreign Office, and hence into the hands of Lord Palmerston, who hastily bought the property at Triel and spent fifty thousand francs in vain researches. On his death, he bequeathed the Triel property and the

precious paper to his natural daughter, Mme. Deville, who spent the rest of her life and a great deal of money in vain researches. The fact was, neither portion of James's document was of any value without its complement. That other portion eventually passed into the hands of two peasants in the south of France. My informant had done them a great service, in return for which they gave him the precious document, which they had not known how to use. If he found anything during their lifetime, he was to give them a share, but they were now dead, and he would have a perfect right to all he found. He had seen at once that the document, as it stood, was of no value, but being the president of a society of hypnotists he enjoyed special opportunities of supplementing his information. He claims to have obtained minute descriptions of the treasure and the way to it from his magnetic "subjects." One of these was so struck by the beauty of the jewels that he begged to be left a few minutes longer in contemplation of them. According to this evidence, the treasure is contained in nine long cases, each the size of a large coffin. The last contains the armor of Jacques-Deux. It is of beautifully chiselled gold and an altogether wonderful piece of workmanship. Inside the armor more treasure is stowed away. And so on, through a labyrinth of detail, for near three hours!

This adventurer's romance would not deserve embodiment in a narrative of serious research, did it not turn out to be surprisingly corroborated by facts in many important particulars. The whole subject has been designedly involved in mystery; but, so far as can be gleaned from careful inquiry on the spot, the existence of James II.'s treasure is generally believed in at Triel, and an elaborate search has certainly been made for it. In 1848 or 1850 a certain Mme. Mathieu Deville acquired some property at Triel, opposite the parish church. This property had formed part of a monastery adjoining the castle of Triel, which has long ceased to exist. By the year 1868 or

1869 the search for treasure had aroused so much attention that Mme. Deville found herself inconvenienced by the inquisitiveness of her neighbors. One of these, a prominent official, was approached by the British embassy on her behalf, which is explained by a statement that she had friends at the English court. All sorts of rumors were current about her, and she was generally supposed to be sprung from some noble family in England; when she died in 1885, the authorities were unable to register her age, birthplace, parentage, or any other of the usual details. All that is positively known about her search for the treasure is, that she employed a steam engine and a small army of workmen, who wore a kind of monastic garb and held entirely aloof from the people of Triel. She seems to have constructed a subterranean gallery, some five feet six inches high and four feet wide; but as she confined her operations strictly within the limits of her own property, no one found any excuse to intervene.

It was only when her heirs, MM. de la Bastie and de Valence, had continued the excavations for nearly two years that the neighbors found a pretext for being concerned. Walls began to crack, the soil threatened to sink, and fear was entertained that houses would fall in by reason of the subterranean trespass which had taken place beneath them. Repeated complaints to the authorities were, however, of no avail, and the public curiosity had perforce to remain unappeased. The workmen in monastic dress had now been replaced by Bretons, who were, however, quite as strictly kept aloof. As to the results obtained up to 1892, it is stated that a subterranean passage was found, terminating in a brick wall, and through this in a cellar, in which were discovered the remains of a woman, wearing a gold ring. Beside her were found a number of English gold coins of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; with (it is stated, on credible authority) several other valuables—hastily removed through fear of possible claims by the French government;

chief among them a statue of the Holy Virgin in solid gold, from twelve to fifteen inches high, of an intrinsic value of £1,200.

The existence of a treasure once admitted, all theories point to its connection with King James II. M. Fourdrignier, who investigated the subject for the Commission des Antiquités et des Arts du Département de Seine-et-Oise, states that James took with him in 1689 a royal crown and a large number of jewels, besides his private property. He adds that it is a well-known fact that one of the crowns of England disappeared at the time of the Revolution. In this connection may be mentioned a statement in the *Daily News*, last year, that Charles II.'s crown, made at the Restoration at a cost of £21,978 9s. 11d., has disappeared. It is alleged, on no particular evidence to have been stolen by Colonel Blood; but, as it was not missed for several generations, it may just as probably have been taken to Saint-Germains.

According to M. Fourdrignier, the treasure, which James took with him from England, filled three chests, one containing Crown Jewels, the second bars of gold, and the third gold coins. These chests are said to have been conveyed, for safety, to a monastery at Triel, and hidden away by workmen, who afterwards disappeared mysteriously. Another theory is that, when James's last hopes of re-conquering his throne were abandoned, certain of his partisans saved his treasures, and hid them away against more auspicious times without informing him of what they had done, and that, later, all hope having been abandoned, the secret was committed to papers, which eventually found their way into the hands of certain high personages, who employed Mme. Deville to dig for them. As to the workmen in monk's garb, who are known to have been employed in the excavation, it is surmised that they were Benedictines, but perhaps only by reason of James's known intimacy with the Benedictines of the Abbey of Saint-James in Paris, where his body

was taken at his death in 1701. The present owner of the property is an American lady; she is over eighty, and is confident of finding the treasure.

Beyond the points already mentioned, Saint-Germains is most useful to a historian in search of local color. Standing in the courtyard of the castle, it is not difficult to conjure up a vision of the scene when James reviewed for the last time the battalion of his lieges before they set out to place their swords at the service of Louis XIV. He was starting out hunting, and was surprised to remark troops gathered there. Being informed of their desire to be reviewed for a last time by his Majesty, he at once countermanded his sport, and displayed great emotion when he turned to address them. "My own misfortunes," he said, "affect me far less than those you have to bear. Words would fail me to tell you how much it pains me to see you reduced to the rank of private soldiers. Should it please God to restore me to the throne, I shall never forget your services or your sufferings. Fear God, and love one another. Let me know all your needs directly, and be certain that you will always find in me a father as well as a king." He passed through the ranks, noted the names upon his tablets, and thanked each man in turn for his services. Then they all knelt down to receive his blessing, and finally marched past in military order. It must have been one of the most affecting scenes in history.

The terrace, too, is alive with memories of the king. It is one of the most beautiful spots in France; the castle and forest are behind, and it overlooks a smiling panorama of vineyards and cornfields, with the silver Seine wriggling across the foreground between exquisitely wooded banks. To the extreme left is the hill of Montmorency, famed for its luscious cherries. Next comes the spire of Saint-Denis, of which the foolish legend is that the sight of it reminding Louis XIV. of his destined burial-place, drove him to abandon Saint-Germains for Versailles. In the centre is the haze of Paris life, ten miles away. On the

extreme right the aqueduct of Marly looms against the sky. The local legend is that this terrace—or rather this terrace "before it was made"—was the scene of Christ's temptation by the Devil. On a fine day no panegyric of it seems extravagant, though the ravages of civilization and modern agriculture must have robbed it of many charms still remaining to it two hundred years ago. It is an ideal walk, stretching along the edge of the forest for nearly two miles, and with James it was at all times a favorite resort. He often remarked that it reminded him of Richmond.

Saint-Germains has no doubt suffered considerable change since James resided there. The orangery has given place to an unsightly railway station; the castle has been successively looted under the Revolution, and put to ignoble uses as barrack, prison, and now, finally, Gallo-Roman Museum. Much damage was done to it after Waterloo by British soldiers, who were quartered there to the number of ten thousand, and cannot have remembered that it once afforded hospitality to their exiled king. The chapel of the castle is now a ruin. The bowling-green has been built over. But even so, it has probably changed less than it did between James's first and last visits. After the Great Rebellion, it had been assigned to Queen Henrietta Maria as a country-seat, and a small, melancholy court of royalist exiles was held there by Charles II. James, then Duke of York, visited his brother for a short time, and had an opportunity of making himself acquainted with his own future place of exile. When he returned, a generation later, he found the Château Neuf, where Louis XIV. was born, had been allowed to fall into ruins; the famous hanging gardens, which were compared to those of Babylon, had run wild; the wonderful terrace, devised by Lenôtre, had sprung into existence; a wide balcony had been erected along the whole north side of the Château Vieux, in front of the apartments, which it is believed were occupied by James and his queen; the towers at the angles had

been replaced by five pavilions; and the trees, which obscured the view to the north-east, had been cut down to make room for Lenôtre's parterre and ornamental gardens. Nobody knows for certain which were James's rooms, but the various uses to which the castle has since been put make any continuous tradition impossible to trace. A careful investigation of the evidence, however, makes it more than probable that his sleeping apartments were to the north. The large reception-hall remains very much what it was save for the intrusion of museum exhibits, and the general aspect, both from outside and from the D-shaped courtyard, has undergone very little change. It is a gloomy-looking building at the best, and harmonizes excellently with memories of exile and misfortune. Its ashen complexion and blinking, bloodshot windows are those of a castle which has reached a dreary old age after witnessing tribulation long drawn-out. It is, perhaps, most imposing at night time, when the obtrusive modernity of the surroundings is somewhat hushed, and a bright moonlight throws into relief the gauntness and hoary majesty of the edifice. At such a time, according to a imaginative French writer, it may be likened to a ghost standing forth to shake his shroud. It is by moonlight, too, that the view from the terrace is most enchanting, or perhaps on a very dark night, when little more can be distinguished than the glimmering lights of villages on every hand and the uncertain glare of Paris upon the horizon.

This is not the place to go through well-worn historical facts nor to attempt the vindication of a character perhaps the most maligned in history; but I may be permitted to refer to a few points, which have been slurred over or ignored in the standard authorities. It is true that, during his exile at Saint-Germains, King James turned to spiritual consolations for the evils he had endured. But the current theory, that pious exercises were permitted to interfere with worldly duties, or even to exclude rational amuse-

ments, is a gross libel. Religion doubtless pervaded his whole life and manner of thinking, but he devoted himself and all his energies to affairs of State with a zeal and wisdom which defy criticism; he never neglected the calls of social intercourse; he was an omnivorous reader and a mighty hunter before the Lord. Before the Revolution his courage in the hunting-field, amounting almost to recklessness, had aroused the fears of his friends and the open-mouthed wonder of foreign observers. Interesting evidence on this point is afforded by the despatches of the Venetian resident, consulted for the first time by myself in the Frari Archives. In the forest of Saint-Germains James had ample opportunity of pursuing his favorite sport.

His religion led him to take up a very forgiving attitude towards his enemies, even the worst of whom he looked upon as instruments of the Divine will, and whom he would never permit to be abused in his presence. He prayed regularly for the Prince of Orange, and that without making allusion to his own griefs against him or taking a tone in any way approaching pharisaical self-righteousness. Yet he never relaxed his efforts to recover his rights, remembering therein not merely his duty to himself—the which religious people are often prone to forget—but also his duty to his son and his duty to his faithful lieges. He displayed much righteous indignation when it was suggested that he had begged the king of France to concern himself no more with his affairs. "I am under infinite obligations to the king of France," he said, "and I shall never be able to acknowledge them sufficiently. But I am a father and a king; I cannot, and must not, abandon the interests of my children or those of my subjects, and I never will abandon them. I shall do everything that lies in my power. After that we must submit to everything which it may please God to ordain."

In 1694 M. de Pomponne came to Saint-Germains to offer him, on behalf of Louis XIV., the vacant throne of

Poland, but James refused it, on the ground that acceptance would amount to an abdication of the crown which was his by right. In 1697, during the preliminaries of the Treaty of Rîswick, the Prince of Orange offered to recognize the Prince of Wales as his heir to the throne of England, but he would hear of no such arrangement. "I am able to endure with Christian resignation the usurpation of the Prince of Orange," he said, "but I could never endure that my son should become the accomplice of an usurper. It is from me alone that he can inherit the crown." These episodes serve to show that James's religious exercises did not exclude a proper pride or a sense of worldly duty and worldly honor. His religious exercises, however, reveal his character in a very beautiful light, and the account of them, compiled by his confessor, cannot be neglected by any one claiming to appreciate the king's character. It forms one of the most impressive books of devotion existing, and it is small wonder that, in view of the saintly life it reveals and in view of the stupendous sacrifices which the king made for his religion, his canonization should have been mooted at Rome. He had been canonized already in the popular imagination, and all manner of stories of miracles performed at his tomb are extant. It appears that the honors of canonization would certainly have been conferred upon him towards the end of the eighteenth century, had not the catastrophe of the French Revolution occurred to obliterate that and all such merely sentimental matters from men's minds. However, his tomb in the parish church of Saint-Germains is still a place of pilgrimage for the devout, and wreaths may be seen upon it laid by pious hands; there, too, many a prayer is offered up to the memory of the good king, who was, in the words of his epitaph, *magnus in prosperis; in adversis major*.

HERBERT VIVIAN.

From The Sunday Magazine.
ANNA PAVLOVNA'S PILGRIMAGE.

WHY SHE NEVER STARTED.

BY BARBARA RUSSELL.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,
Not by the wine drunk but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give.

THE DISCIPLES.

Anna Pavlovna's flowers were her chief treasures, the one possession she really prized. Great fuchsias, splendid crimson geraniums, oleanders, roses, cinnamon pinks bloomed luxuriantly in her window, and were tended like beloved children. They had, to a great extent, taken the place in her life left vacant when her husband, Anton, had died in her arms the winter before at the distant post station close to Kollivan from the effects of a *telega* accident. The beloved little daughter, Mura, her only child, had been in her tiny grave twenty years, though her memory was as fresh in her mother's heart as the flowers arranged every Sunday morning on her grave, and for her sake Anna's door had never been fastened against a neighbor by day or by night, or she herself been too tired by her daily labor in the fields to nurse a sick child or comfort a dying woman.

One July evening as she was busy watering, Father Alexei, the village *batyushka*, appeared.

"Don't stop, *matushka*, your roses are looking much better than mine! How is it, I wonder? Ours are well manured and cared for. I came to tell you about a letter I have just received. My friend Mikhael Stratkoff, writes to me that he has just come back from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. He has seen the blessed Lord's grave, the very hall where he was tried, the manger where he was born, the corner-stone of the Temple, and all the other holy places. Think of that, Anna. Is he not to be envied?"

"God has been very good to him, *batyushka*," said Anna, her eyes glistening.

"The Holy City of God," she went on, almost to herself. "Blessed indeed are

the eyes which see thee, and the feet which walk in thy streets."

"Why shouldn't you go too, Anna?"

She started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at her feet. "I, Father Alexei? You are laughing at me! How could I?"

"I am not laughing; I mean it seriously. Why shouldn't you? You have nothing to keep you here. Elena Ambrosoyna's son would look after the farm, and, if he could not do all, there is hardly any one in Matskaya who would not help, for they all owe you something. Think of the comfort it would bring to your own soul, and of the prayers you could say for us all at the holy grave. Why, they would bring a blessing straight from God on the whole village?"

"But the cost, batyushka; think of the cost! It is more than a three months' journey, surely, and would cost quite three hundred rubles, I am sure. How could I find so much money?"

"I did not mean you to go this year, matushka, or even next, but I thought it would be an object to save up for, and that if you only saved forty rubles a year you would be able to go before you were sixty. Think about it, little mother. I feel sure it would bring blessing to us all."

The kind-hearted little man went off home, leaving Anna almost dazed by the magnitude of his proposition. Why should she not take his advice? If she worked hard, and managed her farm well, it would be quite possible to collect the requisite number of rubles. And she certainly could find out by degrees the right route and exact cost of the pilgrimage. It was too late to consult Elena Ambrosoyna that evening, but she would do so next day; and meanwhile she knelt in front of her *ikon*, and promised that if God would allow her to save the money she would indeed make the pilgrimage to the holy city as soon as was possible.

When Elena was consulted she threw a certain amount of cold water on the scheme, making much of the difficulties of the journey, but allowed that as

Anna had already made two journeys in her life, and returned safely, she did not see why she should not survive a third. At any rate there would be no harm in saving the money, and if, after all, she could get to Jerusalem why, they all knew that such pilgrimages brought great blessings to those who undertook them.

Fortified by this opinion, Anna made up her mind to begin her task, and as harvest approached worked early and late on her land. It was fortunately a good year, and when she came to count up her gains she found that several ruble notes might be safely put away in the little bag she had made for her board. The next question was where to hide it, as in a country so overrun with *brodyags* no peasant's house was safe from the possibility of being robbed.

The little three-roomed house, built of logs unplastered either within or without, had few hiding places. A single shelf running round three of the four walls, about two feet below the ceiling, acted as a resting-place for all the household crockery. The fourth side was almost entirely taken up by a large brick stove, on whose flat top Anna slept in winter. Her cooking was done in a recess built into its chimney. Benches round the walls served for seats and beds, and one big chest held her few clothes. A rough, unpainted pine table, and a well-made wooden armchair completed the furniture. Curtains or carpet there were none, and with the exception of the flowers in the window there were no ornaments. Everything was clean, for, unlike her neighbors, Anna allowed no animals, not even the chickens after they had grown old enough to fend for themselves, to live in the house. Pigs, goats, and fowls were banished to the shed, which in her husband's lifetime had served as a stable. She was laughed at by her neighbors, but persisted in sticking to the habits in which she had been brought up in the more civilized western Siberian village of Yakim, just outside Tobolsk, from which Anton had brought her as a bride on his return from carrying the

imperial mails to Tiumen nearly thirty years ago. Here in the far East they might do as they chose. She, who had seen the great city of Tobolsk, knew what one's house should be like!

As she looked round her bare room for a hiding-place she was puzzled for some time. The chest had no lock, the shelf could be seen by every one, and if she put it into a jar, some one was quite likely to send a child to borrow it, when she was out; a thing they had got into the habit of doing lately. As her eyes roamed round the room, taking note of every possibility, it was arrested by the ikon, with its hideous little heads of St. Peter and St. Paul painted in the orthodox way on a golden background, which hung in the corner near the window. She thought they smiled kindly at her out of their stiff gold nimbi. Of course, *they* would take care of her money! She got up and went to feel if there were room behind the picture to hang her bag. Yes, indeed, plenty. Accordingly, in a few minutes the precious bag hung safely behind the ikon.

All through that winter every one who passed through the village was questioned by Anna as to ways and means. The whole community was interested, and one of the first question asked a returned *telega* driver was he took his seat in the kabak was, one's best route to Jerusalem. At first her project created much astonishment and interest, and Anna was regarded as a most heroic and saintly woman to wish to undertake such a journey. Many told her it was impossible for a woman, indeed, objections were numberless; however, they only served to strengthen her purpose. She had made up her mind that God wished her to go, and as, to a mind like hers, with its strong sense of personal responsibility, it would have been impossible not to try to obey any command she believed herself to have received, Anna never faltered in her purpose, though she soon began to realize very clearly that the task of saving sufficient money would be a long and troublesome one. Do what she would, her land would

only yield about the same every year, and as she had so long been in the habit of helping her neighbors in their troubles for nothing, it never entered her head that she could ask payment for services rendered to people as poor, if not poorer, than herself.

Years came and went; the great project once so eagerly discussed in the village was forgotten even by the kind batyushka, who, unless reminded by Anna herself, never now mentioned the subject. Still she persevered, and still the bag grew heavier, till, as the last load of wheat was carried home at the close of a brilliant harvesting day in the early days of September, Anna's heart swelled with joy as she realized that her long labor was at last to be rewarded. She and her devoted friend, Elena Ambrosova, were carrying the produce of her own little wheat plot in a handbarrow between them, and as they stopped for a moment to rest, Anna remarked:—

"If this wheat is worth ten rubles after I have threshed it, and if Ivan Tovkatch will buy my pigs, as he promised, I shall be able to start in the spring, Elena, if the good Lord wills."

"The Lord will will, Anna Pavlovna," answered her friend stoutly. "He knows how thou hast worked and his blessed mother will tell him how thy heart yearns to see the place where he lived and died. She knows how hard it is to lose husband and child, and will remember how thou hast comforted the rest of us all these years. I shall miss thee sadly, dear heart; thou wilt not forget to burn a candle for me at the Holy Shrine?"

"I shall not be gone long, Elena—six months, Father Alexei's friend wrote—and the Lord will surely bless you all through me as the batyushka said. Certainly I shall not forget thy candles, and I must pray for Lunia's little Anewta too. Perhaps, if I burned several candles for her as well, the Lord would straighten her back. He knows how patient she is and how she suffers. And Father Alexei's rheumatism and Mikhael's bad leg, and Olga Alexandrovna's eyes. Surely the Lord

will hear me in his own city and will visit and heal them all. Oh, Elena, I dream often of the joy it will be to be there and to see the very places he saw!"

"So thou shalt next spring. Now let us get home quickly and thou wilt have time to see Ivan about those pigs before night. He is going to Tomsk to-morrow with wheat, and it would comfort thee to settle with him before he goes."

Bidding her friend good-night, when the wheat had been safely housed in the barn, Anna, without waiting for her own supper, went off to interview Ivan Tovkatch. She found him busy mending harness, in preparation for an early start next day, quite ready, however, to do business, so that by the time the harness was fit for service again, Anna was on her way home with the price of the three pigs in her pocket.

To her surprise, on entering her own courtyard she found the house door open and the lamp burning. There, in front of the stove, washing his feet, sat a sunburnt, red bearded, powerful looking man, clad in the thick grey coat worn by all convicts, with a grey bag on the ground by his side and a kettle and axe still fastened to his belt. Anna's heart sank at the unmistakable sight and, muttering brodyag under her breath, she was debating whether to slip away and hide or to go in and show herself, when her hesitation was put an end to by the brodyag himself, who looked up and saw her.

"Matushka," he said, "you will not turn away a poor fellow, who has been hiding in the woods and nearly starving for the last two months? I have hurt nothing and stolen nothing, and, before God I swear I will do no harm if you will let me rest here to-night and give me some supper. I have been hidden near the fence all day and watched you come home, and when I saw you were all alone and that you looked kind I determined to pay you a visit directly it got dark enough. Then I saw you go out again, and thought I could not do better than slip in and rest while you were away. I only took this water and have waited for supper till you

came. Let us have it quickly, little mother, it makes one hungry to smell *kastia*¹ when one has been camping out so long!"

The man said this with an audacious smile, partly pleading, partly the result of conscious power. He *knew* she could do nothing, as long before her cry for assistance could be heard, he would have overpowered her and escaped. She knew it too, and had already rapidly reviewed the whole situation and come to the conclusion that she must make friends and do what she could for him; besides, there was, deep down in her kindly heart, a great sense of pity for him, criminal as she knew him to be.

The *kastia* was soon served, and a steaming *samovar* of excellent tea set in front of him. Refreshed by his supper, the brodyag became communicative. "I killed a man in a brawl, matushka, when I was twenty, and they sent me as an exile to the Kara mines. Of course, on the way I made friends with lots of chaps, who were brodyags returning to the mines after having spent the summer in the woods. The *artel*² I belonged to had amongst its members brodyags who had escaped six, eight, and one even sixteen times, so naturally I heard all their yarns about their adventures in the *taiga*.³ Their stories put new life into me. I had always loved the forest and had chosen to be a wood-cutter in order to live the free life one lives there away from men, with only the animals who can't bother one by talking. I made up my mind I would escape the moment I could, and was lucky enough to find an opportunity before we reached the mines. There were three others in the *artel* equally eager to make a dash for freedom whilst passing through the densest part of the forest, the outskirts of which we had just reached. The *artel* made no objection, but warned us that we should probably

¹ Gruel made of buckwheat.

² Union formed by the exiles among themselves.

³ Primeval Siberian forest, called their "mother" by the *brodyags*. The *ostrog* (prison) is their "father."

be shot down and had much better wait until we reached the mines. However, we would not listen, and determined to make our attempt next day as it was growing dark. We did, four of us, but only I and another fellow got away; the others were shot down and, I think, killed. We two lived the rest of that summer in the woods, eating berries, roots, small birds, anything we could get hold of, and making our way steadily westward. It was a dangerous and very hard life, but we were free, and didn't mind going short when there was no fear of punishment and no clanking of leg chains. The winter drove us nearer the villages in search of food and shelter, and at last one day we were caught by the guard of a marching party and taken back to the mines as vagabonds with a five years' sentence, the penalty of having been caught wandering without passports. I worked there for some time and was then transferred to the "Free Command."¹ As soon as the winter began I discussed plans for escape again, and directly I heard "General Kukushka"² calling me I started and spent the summer in his army. That is twenty years ago now, and eight times since I have obeyed his call; but he is a bad general and doesn't know how to lead his soldiers to victory. Each time I have had to go back in chains at the beginning of winter. Two years ago I did hope I had really escaped, for I got as far as Tomsk nearly two thousand miles from Kara. The journey had taken me three months, and I was hoping to get on to Tobolsk and so into Persia by way of the Caspian. But it was no good trying without money, and I hadn't a kopeck. I tried to steal some, but got caught as I was hiding

outside the town, and there was nothing for it but a fresh committal to the mines and that weary walk back through the snow."

"Poor *bratushka*,"³ said the soft-hearted Anna, "wouldn't it be better to give up trying to escape and to settle down in the "Free Command"? Life wouldn't be so hard, would it? and you would at least have companions and food."

"Little mother, you talk of things you don't understand. You don't know what prison life is like. God never meant a man to live as we do, even if he had killed a man. And I was sorry enough, God knows, for I had known Sidor all my life. I never meant to kill him, but he was insulting and I was furious and struck too hard."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow, it seems hard. I wonder what the Lord means," murmured Anna, her eyes full of tears.

"If I only had some money," went on the brodyag, "I could get some horses and a telega from almost any village, and in different clothes might get past the officials and, once across the frontier, could get work. I don't want to steal, but it doesn't matter what a convict does, he has no chance and may as well be as sinful as he likes."

"No, no, no," exclaimed Anna. "God cares: he wants you to obey his laws; you mustn't steal. Promise me you won't," she went on, in her excitement laying her hand on his shoulder. "I am going to Jerusalem next spring on a pilgrimage, and I will pray for you there and burn four candles for you if you will promise."

"Going a pilgrimage, *you* little mother, at your age. How will you get there?"

"I'm not going to walk till I join the other pilgrims in Russia. I have been saving money to drive to Tiumen and then go by steamer and train to Karkof, where they start from. It will take three months at least, they tell me," said Anna, delighted to tell her plan to any one new, and in her eagerness quite forgetting who her listener was.

"Little mother, little mother," sud-

¹ Settlement in which convicts have houses given them, and are only required to report themselves at certain hours.

² The cuckoo. He is so called by the Siberian exiles, because when they hear his notes they take it as a sign that the weather is warm enough to make life in the forest possible. Consequently a continuous stream escapes in the night to join his army in the woods. Few escape entirely; most come back again in winter only to escape again next spring.

³ Brother.

denly cried the man, flinging himself on his knees before her. "If you love God so much that you are willing to take this long, difficult journey to see the place where he died, don't you love him enough to help me a little? He said, 'Give to every man that asketh. Pity the captive and prisoner.' I'm bad and useless and have broken his laws scores of times, but won't you give me a chance to do better? You don't know what prison life is like, little mother; no one could serve God there. We are all wicked together and make one another worse. Give me a chance. Only give me money enough to get out of the country, and I will swear to you never to steal again but to live honestly by what I earn."

He had caught hold of her dress in his excitement, and his pleading eyes looked straight into hers.

What should she do? Was money at all likely to help him? Could God mean her to give it him? How could she, unless she took money from her hoard? If she did that she would go on no pilgrimage next spring. Hadn't she vowed to go? Besides, she wanted the blessing so much for her neighbors, for her husband and, above all, for her little Mura. Who was this man that she should make such a sacrifice for him?

Thus she argued with herself, and still the brodyag knelt, urging his request with all the eloquence at his command.

One does not live a life of self-sacrifice and dependence on God's guidance for nothing. As Anna listened to her guest's pleading her thoughts gradually took a new direction. What would Christ do; what had he always taught was his Father's will? Going on pilgrimages? She couldn't recall one word about them; but ringing ever louder in her ears came the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" Surely that was clear enough; she needed no further guidance.

"How much would you want?" she asked at last, signing to him to get up.

"Two hundred rubles would hardly do it; but I suppose you haven't half that."

"If I gave you two hundred and fifty would you promise me never to steal again, but to live an honest life in whatever country you got work in?"

"*Yei Bokhu, matushka* (before God, my little mother) I promise," said the brodyag, awed by the greatness of her generosity. "Thou art indeed a saint of God. May he reward you for such kindness."

"Hush, it is nothing," said Anna, rising to fetch her bag. She counted out the sum to him and then telling him she had something else for him, went out carrying the rest of the money with her. She presently returned with a peasant's blouse, some shoes, and clean rags to bandage his legs with—the usual Muzhik equivalent for stockings.

"Here," she said, holding out the clothes, "dress thyself quickly, for if thou wouldest sleep an hour before thou goest, thou hast only just time."

The exchange was soon made, and Anna, giving him a rug and bench to sleep on, sat down to watch, having promised to call him in an hour.

She sat, half-dazed, gazing at the sleeping man. Women of her self-restrained type do not often weep, but now the great tears chased each other down her wrinkled cheeks as she realized that it was useless to attempt to make up the sum wanted while she was still young enough to go. Siberian peasant women live so hard a life that a woman of sixty is already infirm, and would be quite unable to stand the fatigue of such a journey. Anna understood this too well to have any illusions on the subject and sitting there she knew, that she had of her own free will given away the chance she had worked for all this time.

The crowing of an unusually wakeful cock interrupted the current of her thoughts, and, getting up, she woke her guest, tied up all the rye bread she had in the house in his grey bag, gave him her husband's cap, and then, unfasten-

ing the house door, let him out, and watched him as he climbed the rails into the pasture, being just able to make out his farewell wave of the cap as he slipped through the pasture fence and disappeared into the gloom of the surrounding country.

Going to bed seemed needless now; in two hours it would be time to set out for the fields, and Elena would be knocking at the door, in order that they might walk to the farm together. Anna consequently made herself some breakfast, cleared away all traces of her visitor, and then sat down to console herself with her faithful Testament. She could not bear to read the Gospels, but was soon absorbed in St. Paul's letter to his Roman converts, which she had opened at the exultant eighth chapter. She read on until she came to the verse, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God;" words which came as a message straight from God to her troubled heart, and soon quieted her altogether. In fact, by the time Elena arrived and was told the news, Anna was able to answer all her indignation with quiet assurances, that she was certain that it was God's will, and that she was glad now that she could help poor Widow Feokla, who had just lost her cow, and who found it almost impossible to provide for her four children.

The brilliant summer had faded into raw, chilly November, and Anna's window plants were the only bright spots of color in the whole village. No one else could get oleanders to blossom so luxuriantly as she could; certainly no one else thought it worth while to care for them as she did, and now, since her cherished project was given up, they caused her greater pleasure than ever. One cold, snowy afternoon, as she sat alone, busily sewing a pelisse to be in readiness for the coming bitter winter, her attention was attracted by an unusual noise, and going to her door to listen, the sound resolved itself into a curious mingling of singing, chanting, and wailing for the dead. As it grew more distinct there was no

further doubt in her mind as to its meaning. It was the well-known "Miloserdnaya" or exiles' begging song, sung by the marching prisoners on entering a village.

Have pity on us, O our fathers!
Don't forget the unwilling travellers,
Don't forget the long imprisoned.
Feed us, O our fathers! Help us!
Feed and help the poor and needy.
Have compassion, O our fathers!
Have compassion, O our mothers!
For the sake of Christ, have mercy
On the prisoners—the shut up ones,
Behind walls of stone and gratings;
Behind oaken doors and padlocks,
Behind bars and locks of iron,
We are held in close confinement;
We have parted from our fathers,
From our mothers;
We from all our kin have parted.
We are prisoners;
Pity us, O our fathers!

A chained party of some hundred bare-headed convicts, surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, was coming slowly down the village street half-singing, half-chanting the song in a low minor key, with no regard for time or even tune. Anything more heart-rending could hardly be conceived, and soon every door in the village opened, and women and children came out with their hands full of meat, bread, eggs, and other articles of food, which they put into the caps held out to them by the three or four prisoners acting as collectors.

A halt was made opposite Anna's house, and as she came out carrying a great pot of the cabbage soup (*stchee*) on which she had intended living for the next four days, the prisoners were already standing about the doorway in small groups.

"Anna Pavlovna, the good God bless thee," cried a familiar voice, and looking hastily round she saw, standing in the middle of a knot of men on her right, the well-remembered figure of her midnight visitor.

"Ivan Pratzah," she gasped, "alas! my brother, is it indeed you?"

"Ah, little mother, it was no use after

all. Our father, the czar, takes too much care of his children to allow one of them to lose himself. I thought indeed that, once past Tiumen, your bag of rubles would help me across the frontier, and that I should be safe in Persia before winter. But as you see the good God had other plans, and here I am, half-way back to the mines, and all your money is wasted."

"In God's name, and for the love of the dear Lord the money was given, Ivan. He will not let it be wasted. Indeed," and her face lighted up, "it has not been wasted. I was growing selfish and grasping as I hoarded it, and grudged every hour spent in helping a neighbor, if it might have been spent in the field earning another kopeck. Now I have time for every one, and the children come to me in the evenings to hear the story of the dear God's love, and of how he sent his Son to live on earth as a little child like them, in order that we might all know he had not forgotten us. My flowers are growing better than ever, and the batyushka says that the Master knows his servants wherever they are, and will not be vexed if we are unable to keep a pilgrimage vow if we try to help his little ones instead."

"Little mother, God will surely reward you. Still I'm sorry now I took your money. As for me, the winter is near, and I am not so young as I was. If one cannot be free, at least one has always food in the Kara Valley, and a *kamera* at night is warm enough."

From The Fortnightly Review.
HOW CUBA MIGHT HAVE BELONGED TO FRANCE.

At the time when Cuba is once more seeking her independence and trying, by means of an insurrection, to throw off the yoke under which the island has now been suffering for so many years, it may be interesting to know that the Spanish government, or rather its then unconscientious rulers, have tried to dispose of their most important colony to France against the payment of a

stipulated sum to be disposed of in settling the debts incurred by Spanish royal extravagance. The following narrative of the meetings held in view of negotiating the sale by Spain of both Cuba and Porto Rico, will show how nearly those two important colonies were about to change hands.

There took place in Paris on the 8th of January, 1837, an occurrence which, had it been made public, would have aroused all Europe as with the shock of a thunderbolt. The mystery was not divulged, however, the secret being so well kept amongst the few admitted into the plot, who being all men of honor, held it as a sacred duty that not a word of the transaction should be bruited abroad.

On the day mentioned Prince Talleyrand received, through his secretary, a private message from Mr. Aguado, the Spanish banker, requesting a strictly private interview at which no witnesses would be present. This condition was so imperative that it was considered advisable for the meeting to take place in the most informal manner, not therefore in the prince's private cabinet at his hotel in the Rue Saint Florentin or even in the study occupied by the prince's secretary, but in the secretary's own private apartment situated in a street at some distance from Prince Talleyrand's residence. Much mystery had been observed in the wording of the message. The apartment chosen for the interview was to be completely secure from all intrusion and inaccessible to listeners, as the affair to be discussed, although honorable in itself and conducted by men whose honor was irreproachable, might be almost considered in the light of a conspiracy against the whole Spanish nation. Aguado's message was couched in most mysterious terms, hinting at dark and evil combinations which, if successful, would bring fortune to the few engaged in the negotiations, and, if otherwise, would forever remain a secret never even to be suspected by the rest of the world.

An envoy from Christina, queen of Spain, had been despatched, bearer of

secret overtures to Louis Philippe for the cession of an important portion of the Spanish possessions. The mission had been confided to Señor Campuzano, known for his diplomatic ability and high in favor with the queen. This gentleman had accepted with the greatest reluctance the task imposed upon him of signing away the brightest jewel in the Spanish crown, the rich island of Cuba, whence the greater part of the revenues of the country were drawn, with Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands thrown in, as it were, by way of makeweight, at the persistent importunity of Queen Christina, whose extravagance had involved her so deeply that every thousand reals was considered of sufficient importance to furnish matter of bargaining and dispute. The secret interview sought by Aguado had but in view to procure a meeting between Campuzano and the prince.

Thus it was that on one fine frosty afternoon, the parties interested met together in the little green salon of the Tuileries, under the guidance of the banker Aguado, whose countenance kindled with smiles at the prospect of the stupendous financial affair he was about to launch upon the Bourse. The terms of the settlement had all been arranged with the prince's secretary, who disdained any participation in the affair further than the introduction of Señor Campuzano to Prince Talleyrand, and the exposition of the motive which had brought the envoy to Paris. The aspect of the envoy, meanwhile, was pitiable; all the proud Spanish blood in his veins had been roused to wrath at the compulsion under which he was forced to fulfil the mission he had accepted, simply, as he afterwards said, in fear lest the office should be seized upon by any one of the queen's favorites, who, without faith or patriotic loyalty, would seek nothing but the pecuniary advantage to be derived from the successful transfer of the gigantic sums to be thrown upon the Bourse. The reading of the document was most painful to witness; poor Campuzano, although seated close to the

blazing fire, shivered notwithstanding, and now and then turned pale, evidently suffering with shame at the responsibility which had been forced upon him to fulfil so foul a mission. For a few moments a death-like silence pervaded the group of expectant, yet overburthened and deeply affected, participators in this deep conspiracy.

The antagonism felt by each individual against the other in their pursuit of personal greed, was counterbalanced only by the honesty of poor Campuzano, whose emotion was so great that his voice suddenly failed him; and so it was that, without the utterance of a single word, he unrolled the paper he had been manipulating in nervous agitation, and began to read it aloud without preamble, as if by a desperate determination to get over the task before his courage deserted him.

And, in truth, much courage was needed to enable even the secretary to listen to the contents of the document. Before the reading was concluded, he had grown as pale and agitated as the envoy himself, the proposition was so monstrous, so rascally, so base, that, according to a description given later of the scene by the secretary, the indignation of both reader and listener burst forth at the same moment, under the form of a blow upon the table, accompanied by a muttered curse expressed with equal anger, although given out in two different languages. The secretary was simply appalled at the cruel audacity with which the proposal to dismember a kingdom for the sake of lucre was to be addressed to the king. Campuzano's hand trembled so violently as he held his paper, that once or twice it almost slipped from his grasp; it was the smallest and most delicate hand ever attached to a manly wrist, and yet, at that moment, it held the destinies of Europe—the edict of peace or war—the crowns of the two sovereigns engaged in the nefarious transaction, proposed by the one with all a woman's "*galeté de cœur*," unconscious of the sin committed, bent only on acquisition of the funds needed for carrying on the system of thought-

less extravagance in which she was involved; to the other who sate in self-satisfied security, of greater cunning and lesser scruple as compared with his fellow sovereign, ready to seize upon any opportunity that might offer to create a vacancy by intrigue, to secure the place which was still denied him as lawful sovereign elected by the people, who still looked upon him as an usurper and intruder into the sacred ranks of the older monarchies of Europe.

The paper conveyed, in short and hurried terms, the proposition made by Queen Christina to hand over by secret treaty the Island of Cuba to France for the sum of thirty millions of reals, and the Philippine Islands, with Porto Rico, for ten millions more. The affair itself would be found easier to manage than the means of its accomplishment in secrecy, and it was entirely in dread and awe of Lord Palmerston that the queen, who was, by the way, to take upon herself the whole responsibility of the negotiations, had made this secrecy one of the solemn conditions upon which the transaction could be undertaken. So intense was the horror of Lord Palmerston's ubiquitous power of penetration, that it had been traditional in the Chancelleries, and this dread had guided Aguado in the instigation of the method by which the proposal was to be submitted to the king.

The loan to be floated upon the Bourse was, of course, to be entirely in that great banker's hands. One million of francs would be offered to Prince Talleyrand, and three hundred thousand francs were to be distributed as commission among all connected with both the diplomatic and financial negotiations.

It was with great misgiving that Prince Talleyrand's secretary consented to submit the affair to the illustrious and clever statesman, who listened with a smile of irony to the informal wording of the document received from Queen Christina by Campuzano. To the tempered indignation of his secretary, still under the influence of the anguish he had wit-

nessed on the part of the envoy, the prince merely replied by way of response to the excuse for submitting such an impossible motive to his consideration: "Ah bah! j'en ai vu bien d'autres!"

A few moments afterwards he was closeted with Madame de Dino, and in less than half an hour after that, a message was despatched from the Rue St. Florentin to the Tuileries, and on the return of the messenger the prince left at once in his carriage for the palace. What took place at the interview between the king and the diplomat has never transpired, but the Spanish envoy, who, with downcast look and weary gait, was soon recognized amongst the serving men and attendants on duty as the *Triste figure*, always exciting the jeers and pleasantries of the *valetaille* by his dejected manner, was, in a short time afterwards, beheld tolling up the stairs.

It is certain that the negotiations were carried on to the very last moment, that of signing the contract. The scene which took place in the pleasant green room of oval shape, overlooking the garden where hundreds of children were disporting in the frosty air, must be chronicled as unique in the world's history. Seated round the green velvet-covered circular table were the citizen-king Louis Philippe, fresh from the hands of his valet, with his snuff-box and pocket-handkerchief at his side, triumphant with anticipation of success, but also with satisfaction at having terminated the most important negotiation of his reign, and at the same time eluding the vigilance of Lord Palmerston; opposite to him Prince Talleyrand, likewise fresh from the hands of Biovet, his valet de chambre, with powdered hair lying in *ailes de pigeon* over his velvet collar and little *Cadogan* pigtail, tied with black ribbon, half lost amid the frizzled locks; near the prince came next in order the small, nervous figure of Señor Campuzano, showing forth in poetic refinement beside the cunning leer of the king and the cynical smile which hovered on the

withered lips of the prince. The envoy, whose small stature and delicate frame contrasted so strongly with the burly bourgeois stature of the king and the spread, unsupported figure of the diplomat, leaned back in his chair in the most hopeless and desponding attitude.

The expression of his countenance was painful to behold; his eyelids were red and swollen as though he had been weeping, and he seemed dazed and bewildered, like a man suddenly awoke from slumber. Aguado stood behind the envoy, and Prince Talleyrand was attended by his secretary, who remained standing at the back of the chair occupied by the prince—the banker and secretary being present to sign the deed as witnesses. The articles of the contract were read over by the envoy, and at the end of each article there was a pause while observations were made in a whisper between Prince Talleyrand and the king, the substance of which did not, however, reach the ears of the rest of the company. The cession of Cuba was discussed but little; Aguado alone was consulted, concerning the rate of exchange, a question of small importance in itself but yet debated by Campuzano with artificial vehemence, evidently excited by the sole desire of prolonging the conference and delaying the awful moment of its termination. But the cession of Cuba did end at last and the signatures were all duly appended. The hectic flush on poor Campuzano's cheeks was gradually deepening into livid crimson, and the flashing of his eyes growing brighter as the pen, handed round from one treacherous accomplice to the other, and employed to sign away the national birthright of his country, scratched the signatures beneath the first article; then came the second which, apparently of far less importance, helped, nevertheless, to save the Spanish government from the shame, the disgrace, and the civil war which during that awful moment were hanging over it.

The article treating of Porto Rico and

the Philippine Islands was now brought upon the *tapis*; the ten millions of reals were brought under calculation. For Porto Rico, the bargain was soon dismissed as satisfactory, with the minimum valuation, but the question of the Philippine Islands was a more difficult one. Here, the temptation to drive a bargain was too strong for the citizen-king, whose talent for huckstering and barter had been cultivated from the very beginning of his career. With a bland smile, he stayed the reading of the article of the contract by the observation that the cession of the Philippines would be so completely obnoxious to England that the risk of great opposition, if not of a declaration of war at the instigation of the British minister, might be the result. And always the shadow of Lord Palmerston seemed to rise in all its terror before the despoiler. The demand, therefore, of a reduction in the price placed upon the Philippines was made in a peremptory and formal fashion. Louis Philippe, who has been accused of making money of everything, proved the justice of the accusation on this occasion, for even the sentiment of fear inspired by the supposed wrath to be evinced by Lord Palmerston was brought to market before the useless temporizing of Prince Talleyrand and the boiling indignation of the Spanish envoy.

At last the king, overcome by cupidity in his eagerness to secure the profitable bargain offered to him, pushing the contract across the table to the envoy, exclaimed in a loud, imperative tone: "The reduction of price *must* be accepted. The terms are too onerous. Seven millions of reals is my offer, or else the contract must be thrown into the fire."

Talleyrand was about to speak; he had stretched forth his hand to seize the paper in order to bring forward his usually mild interposition against haste or violence in discussion, but he was interrupted by the strange behavior of Campuzano, who, starting on his feet with such force that the chair on which he had been seated fell

backward, rattling against the marble console, and stretching his whole body over the table with a forgetfulness of the place and presence in which he stood, gathered up hastily the double fragments of the contract, twisting them together in his grasp. Then, looking the king full in the face, he exclaimed: "Your Majesty is in the right; the contract is worthless, and only fit to be thrown into the fire."

Without another word, he strode across the carpet and flung the paper between the burning logs upon the hearth, beating it down with the tongs until it was entirely consumed.

The effect of the scene upon those who witnessed it is indescribable. The king was thunderstruck, and, as on similar occasions, he had recourse to his snuff-box, his faithful ally and comforter on all occasions of difficulty. Pinch after pinch was used to bring about comprehension of the indignant movement of which the envoy had been guilty. Prince Talleyrand, who afterwards owned that in all his diplomatic experience he had never witnessed such a spontaneous ebullition of wrath in the presence of Majesty, remained silent, awaiting patiently the result. Aguado stood for a moment aghast, then rushed to the fireplace in the vain hope of being able to rescue the fragments of the paper which a few moments before had represented to him the acquisition of many millions of francs. The prince's secretary, whose straightforward mind sympathized to the full with the patriotic manifestation of the Spanish envoy, turned to the window to hide the expression of approval, which he feared to betray. Meanwhile Campuzano, trembling in every limb with indignant passion, stood by the chimney, silent and motionless, offering no apology, seeking no excuse for the unseemly movement of which he had been guilty; and by the time he had recovered his self-possession, the other parties engaged had reached the door, and were departing without the smallest observance of any usual ceremony of courtly dismissal or leave-taking.

Thus was the Spanish throne rescued

from the greatest danger, the peace of Europe secured, and even the dreaded wrath of Lord Palmerston avoided by the over-exacting cupidity of the king.

The only loss sustained by the failure of the attempt at spoliation was that incurred by Aguado through the patriotic impulse displayed by Campuzano, through whose energy and courage Cuba has been preserved to the Spanish crown until now.

G. COLMACHE.

From The United Service Magazine.
FRENCH MILITARY CYCLING.
THE "BICYCLETTE PLIANTE."

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

At the recent manœuvres in the east of France a considerable number of military cyclists accompanied both the opposing armies. They were, in almost every instance, reservists, who, on being called up for service, availed themselves of the clause in the decree of convocation, which gave cycle riders the option of applying to be so employed during the manœuvres. If their application was granted they brought their own machines with them, receiving a small allowance to pay for wear and tear and any necessary repairs. They were employed chiefly as orderlies and messengers, and in this way spared the Cavalry a large amount of hard work, and kept a good many horses and men with the squadrons who otherwise would have been assigned to this duty. I never saw cyclists acting as scouts, but they were used, though sparingly, and in only a few instances, as Mounted Infantry acting with the advanced Cavalry and Horse Artillery. Their greatest success was in the reconnaissance that preceded the action at Parnot on September 10th, when a handful of cyclists of the Northern Army, lining the edge of a wood, opened such a rapid fire on the Southern Cavalry that their commander promptly withdrew under the impression that the woods were strongly held by hostile Infantry.

Military cycling in France has not so far received the same recognition that has been accorded to it in our own army. It is still in an experimental stage, beyond which we have advanced in England. There is, however, one point on which we may perhaps learn something from our neighbors in this matter. During the recent manoeuvres several cyclists rode machines, which by a very simple arrangement could be folded up, one wheel upon the other, and slung on the soldier's back. He was thus able to carry his cycle across ground where he could not ride it, his load being much less than that of the ordinary French Infantry equipment. I have never seen the "*Bicyclette pliante*," or "folding cycle," anywhere else except in the French army. It is specially designed for military purposes, its inventor being Captain Gérard of the 87th of the line; and many of his fellow-officers share his opinion that it is the type of cycle best adapted for the special needs of the soldier.

Two years ago Captain Gérard, then a lieutenant in the 159th Regiment, stationed at Briançon, published a series of articles on military cycling, in the *Revue du Cercle Militaire*. These were republished last year as a pamphlet: "Le Problème de l'Infanterie montée résolu par l'Emploi de la Bicyclette" (Paris, Baudouin). After giving some account of the success of "Cyclist Infantry" in England, he dwelt on the necessity of having a force of some kind of Mounted Infantry with a modern army, to co-operate with, and in certain cases replace, the Cavalry in reconnoitring and outpost work; and he further argued that a mass of such Infantry could be used with great effect in raids round an enemy's flanks and against his communications, after the manner of the raids of Stuart and the Southern Cavalry during the War of Secession. But to provide any considerable body of Mounted Infantry with horses would be out of the question. It was difficult enough at present in France to find horses for the Cavalry, Artillery, and train. The

obvious alternative was to mount the men on cycles, but then a twofold difficulty had to be faced. The cyclist must in the main keep to roads and beaten tracks. He cannot cross country like a horseman on a good mount, nor can he traverse woods, rocks, and broken ground like the Infantry soldier. Again, when he fights he must leave his machine on some neighboring track in charge of a comrade while he advances and fires, and he runs a certain risk in case of a reverse of being cut off from the point where the cycles have been left. In any case the freedom of action of a company of Cyclist Infantry is limited by their having to keep in touch with the point where they first dismount; and at the same time they lose a certain portion of their effective fighting strength by having to leave a guard with the cycles.

He proposed, therefore, the adoption of a new type of machine, which would enable the soldier to keep his cycle always with him. If it was not carrying him, he would be carrying it, and this in a way that would leave both hands free for the use of his rifle. This new type was the "*Bicyclette Pliante*," or, as he called it at first, the "*Bicyclette transportable*." As is usually the case with inventors, his first design was subsequently very much modified. In his pamphlet he proposed a machine with geared pedals on a front wheel, rather smaller than that of the ordinary safety, the saddle being fixed over this wheel, and the rear wheel, of still smaller diameter, being attached to the forewheel by a hinged connecting-bar. His articles in the *Revue* secured for him the practical co-operation of a very useful ally, in the person of M. Morel, a manufacturer of machines and tools at Domène, near Briançon. The Parisian cycle dealers to whom he had submitted his idea had treated it as impracticable. M. Morel, however, took it up warmly, and after some experiments he and Captain Gérard evolved the type of folding cycle which has stood the test of actual use.

Briefly it may be described as a rear-

driven safety. The rider sits on a saddle supported on a fork directly over the centre of the rear wheel. There is thus very little weight or strain on the jointed backbone of the cycle. The joint is made by bevelling off the ends of the two parts of the tube, which are held together and turn on a steel pin. When they are in line with each other, an outer tube slides over them, and once it is secured with a catch, the tube is quite rigid. To fold the cycle, the cyclist unfastens the catch, slips back the outer tube, turns one wheel over the other, and bends the steering handle down so as to lock the whole together. Attached to the handle are a couple of leather slings. He passes his arms through these and the machine then hangs comfortably on his back. It weighs rather less than half that of the ordinary Infantry pack. It projects very little beyond the arms on each side, so that men carrying their cycles can march in a very close firing-line. It takes half a minute to unfold it and mount, and the same time to fold it up and sling it. The tyres are solid rubber, because the inventors are not satisfied as to the adaptability of the pneumatic tyre for rough work, but there is a specially constructed saddle for which they claim that it does away with most of the vibration. The length of the machine "over all" is a metre and a half, its weight twenty-six to twenty-eight pounds. The height of the saddle is such that the rider can stop the machine for a moment, place both feet on the ground, and standing thus astride of the saddle, fire without actually dismounting. But Captain Gérard's idea is that the cyclists should dismount, sling their cycles and work as a line of *tirailleurs*, unfolding their cycles and remounting again as soon as they reach favorable ground after the "Cease fire." He asserts that riflemen thus equipped ought to be able to go anywhere, and proposes that the Chasseur Regiments should be all converted into Cyclist Infantry, and pushed forward with the Cavalry.

In the recent manœuvres efforts were made to keep some of the Chasseur

battallions well to the front as a support to the Cavalry screen. For this purpose the men's packs were conveyed in carts, but even thus lightened it cost them hard and rapid marching to reach the positions assigned to them. This is the very work for Cyclist Infantry, whether equipped with the folding cycle or the older and more familiar type of machine. In this connection Captain Gérard insists upon a point which it might be worth while to consider with reference to our own Cyclists and Mounted Infantry. He urges that the uniform worn by the Cyclists should in its general appearance be as like as possible to that of the Infantry of the Line. If the Chasseurs are turned into Cyclist Infantry, he would like to see them given the red trousers of the linesmen instead of the blue which they wear at present. It is important, he says, to be able to lead an enemy to believe that he has perhaps in front of him not a mere handful of Cyclists, but the advanced guard of a strong force of Infantry. In any case it will take him some time to find out which it is he has to deal with, and until he is quite sure of it he will act cautiously.

So far it may be said that Captain Gérard's invention has stood the test of actual use in manœuvres, and that it is not a mere paper project. Many officers of high rank in the French army (among them, if rumor speaks truly, General Saussier) are favorably impressed by his experiments and the theories he has based thereon. Doubtless the folding cycle, now that it has obtained recognition in one great Continental army, will be tried elsewhere, and as in the case of other inventions, engineering and manufacturing skill will further improve on the original type, and produce several varieties of it adapted to special tastes and needs.

From The Speaker.

IN AUTUMN WOODS.

The leaves are falling from the poplars steadily one by one, and occa-

sionally in little showers. The frosty night has done its work, and what were erstwhile glowing green leaves are now fast spreading the sward with a somberly yet sumptuously colored carpet. There is no wind, and the pearly haze hangs oppressively over the tree-tops thereby obscuring the true outline of the branches. It is this dead stillness and gloom that make the fall of the leaves so arresting; no flutter of wind drifts them through the air, no subtle rays of sunlight play upon their glossy surfaces to make ephemeral fairy glintings as they wave; not even the robin sings to them as they glide through the stirless space from branch to earth; their disappearance from the picture is marked by nothing but the solemn rustle as each leaf touches and settles upon the growing heap.

In the coppice, but a short distance from the poplar grove, there is a scene of surpassing beauty. The narrow, winding path is completely hidden by dead leaves, their colors mingling in charming confusion. Sycamores are heaped on sycamores, and broad horse-chestnuts over all, while ever and anon feathery ash-leaves drift lazily down. The tints of this medley of leaves bewilder description: red and gold and orange are thrown together with dainty effects, while some of the horse-chestnuts still retain a few streaks of green. Even as we gaze on this wondrous scene of color, the mist disperses and the sunbeams pour down, further to enliven what was already gay. As far as eye can see through the maze of trunks, the earth is strewn with gorgeous hues, lit up anew by the streaming rays. As the light varies, the shadows shift, and now the orange, now the gold, is all aflame.

The woods are pervaded by a silence broken only by the challenge of the blue tits in the dense firs, and the croaking of the rooks afar among the acorns. Not a song is there to cheer the solitude, as the leaves drip-drip continuously. When the path takes us out of the wood, we leave the sheltered stillness behind, and feel the cool breath of the breeze that has sprung up with the lifting of the fog. In the foliage of the

oaks, still dense and shadowy, three wrens are singing in broken snatches. Even in summer their song, though high-pitched, is short; and now the little fellows stop suddenly in the midst of their hurried tune, for want, perhaps, of stimulation and encouragement. Their tiny forms are hardly distinguishable high up in the dark shadows; only a little flutter now and again tells where they may be found. Farther along, a couple of wood-pigeons crash hastily out of the oaks and make for the adjoining plantation, where the cries of jays tell that acorns are to be had.

So late in autumn we hardly look for the beauty flowers. One short hedge-mound, however, displays quite a number of dainty blossoms. Thick as daisies on a lawn, the tiny field speed-wells stud the exposed side of the slope; their leaves are still a tender green, and the blue of the flowers equals that of the veronica of May, while this we treasure for its lateness. In the brambles above there are still a few pale petals, but sadly torn and discolored by wind and frost. Another late blossom is the golden cinquefoil, with its pretty five-branched leaves trailing hither and thither. Though long dead, the tall docks yet defy the season, and raise aloft a slender spike of deep red, singularly like the sorrel-tips that toned the buttercup-fields of midsummer. Like the docks, the teasels are grey and dry and brittle, but look strong as ever, growing from the shallow ditch, and rearing their tall stalks and prickly plumes almost to the hedge-top. But perhaps the rarest of all these flowers of the fall is one little spray of hawthorn bloom. Though so inseparably connected with spring, it is here in the drooping of the year, with its snowy petals and delicious fragrance. This single group of florets recalls the May day, just after the swifts came, when first the succulent green of the hawthorn was dappled with flakes of blossom, and the call of the cuckoo was heard in the land. How changed the scene since then!

Five teams are engaged in ploughing up a broad, sloping meadow, where the blood-red clover grew, and about the

steaming horses the rooks are wheeling and settling here and there. Over the same field flocks of larks and finches are flitting, seldom staying long in the damp furrows among the brown clods that hide them so completely. A moment ago two larks were straining in song high above their fellows and the quarrelsome rooks; and, what is rare in autumn, their notes were uttered with the old persistence and charm. Along the blackthorn hedge blackbirds start out now and again with their peculiar nervous chuckle, so irritating to the sportsman, but a note of warning to other birds. They hesitate to leave the cover of the hedge, for it is a long flight to the gorse opposite, and eventually determine to rely on the shelter of the dead grasses that thickly envelope the blackthorn stems. Before we have long passed them, their hilarity, so long subdued, bursts out in a defiant shriek as they follow one another up into the pollard oaks.

In the dense green coverts of the summer hedgerows nests were difficult to find, but now they show at every turn. The cunning basket-work of the lesser whitethroat, so frail as to seem incapable of holding the smallest egg, is filled with rotting black leaves and haws that have dropped thus early. Screened by the trailing dog-rose branches are heads of yarrow flower and a few worn dandelions, mingling with the purple that stains the wood-

bine drooping almost to earth, and the crimson of the blackberry foliage. With the falling light that precedes sundown, a blackbird and a thrush join their notes and delight for a while the ear, now all unused to such harmonies of woodland song.

Beneath the rosy-clouded sky come black battalions of rooks, with their attendant daws almost equally numerous. Night after night, with striking regularity, vast numbers of these broad-pinioned birds pursue their way to the elms and beeches that form their rendezvous. When their hereditary roost-trees are reached, they mount aloft, and, with an eccentric turn, swoop towards the beech-tops, apparently to plunge amongst them; but, turning abruptly, they rise again, to repeat their diving movements. In these manœuvres, oft repeated, jack-daws accompany the rooks, performing strange aerial feats. Sometimes they race and plunge like nesting pewits. For an hour at a stretch rooks and daws execute these strange evolutions, and the former lose for the time all their usual unwieldiness. As the daylight continues to fade the birds still keep high in air, while some few descend to the sward, which they dot in the distance with doubtful specks of black. When at last the faint gleam of sunset disappears from the woods, the clangorous rooks in the swaying trees are beating assembly for the night.

The Feast of Tabernacles.—If ever a feast seemed doomed to a short life, Tabernacles appeared so doomed. It was in essence an agricultural feast, a celebration designed for tillers of the soil, for those who literally reaped the harvest, not for those who metaphorically did so. Now, the Jews have dwelt in towns instead of tents for more than twenty centuries, their virtues and their vices are the virtues and the vices of town life; their characteristics in modern and mediæval periods were modified and conditioned by long successive generations of divorce from the direct service of nature. Yet the Jews have not long

passed out of the pretty habit of bearing myrtle and palm branches in their hands, and even of dwelling for a week in the temporary structure, or *Succah*. The old superstition which connected the Tabernacle with the good things of the Messianic age, which imagined huge feasts on massive leviathans in enormous booths, had at least this element of truth in it—that the Feast of Tabernacles, more, perhaps, than any other festival, typifies the Providential love of God, without which no future regeneration is possible, without which all hopes of millennium are futile and impossible.

Jewish Chronicle.

